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MEN AND WOMEN

MINOT J. SAVAGE

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MEN AND WOMEN

By

MINOT J. SAVAGE

AUTHOR OF "LIFE BEYOND DEATH," "THE PERMANENT AND THE PASSING IN RELIGION," ETC.

For woman is not undevelopt man
But diverse: could we make her as the man
Sweet Love were slain.

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION
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I.

MAN AND WOMAN

I.

MAN AND WOMAN.

THERE is a curious old tradition, some variant of which is found among many different peoples, to the effect that originally man and woman were one being, but that God decided after a time to cleave them asunder. But they were restless and discontented until they found each other again. The restlessness and the discontent until man finds his true mate, until woman finds her true mate, are at any rate eternal truth, whatever we may think of the tradition.

I propose to consider some of the great moral and religious problems which spring out of the relations between men and women. And, since these problems, for bad or good, depend upon the action and reaction of men and women upon each other, they, of course, are largely determined by their peculiar characteristics. We shall understand

the later problems more easily, then, if at the outset we get in mind with some clearness certain distinct peculiarities of men and women, because, as I have intimated, it is on the action and reaction of these peculiarities that the problems depend.

In trying to find out, then, what men are and what women are, I shall not consider at present the ideal, what they ought to be. This I shall refer to only incidentally. It is what they have been and what they are that we need to understand; and we must, in order to get at the central truths, leave one side the wide range of variations. Of course there are a great many men who possess womanly qualities, and are the finer and the better for it. There are many women who possess manly qualities, and a similar thing is true of them. But it is not these variations that we need at present to fix our attention upon. It is rather the central, essential characteristics that have been peculiar in the past.

The evolution of men and women in relation to each other has been largely

determined by three factors, to which I need briefly to refer. In the first place, each man and each woman feels certain impulses, certain tendencies, certain desires; and each one tries, of course, to live these out. All try to express themselves, to realize their desires, to attain the things towards which they naturally aim. This is the first thing that determines action.

Then the impulses of the man, the impulses of the woman, are limited and shaped, modified this way and that, by the relations in which they stand to each other, so that this element in both must be taken into account. And both of them have come to what they are by reason of what is spoken of as environment. That is, men and women have lived their lives in the midst of certain conditions. These conditions have been physical, determined by the part of the earth in which they have lived,— the land, water, air, vegetable growths, climate, all sorts of things. All these have changed and modified the development of society.

Now let me ask your attention for a little

to the part that the man, the typical, the average, normal man, has played in the evolution of human life. What has been his function? For the present I shall not consider, except indirectly, the great central, eternal functions of fatherhood or motherhood. I shall leave these one side until later.

What, then, has been the part which man has played in the history of the world? In the first place he has been the fighter. If you find the average man over the world to-day inclined to be pugnacious, easily stirred to deeds of violence, let us do him the justice to say that these are only the excesses of the part which he has had to play from the beginning of the world. Man had to start by being a fighter against the wild beasts of the world. He had to fight for standing ground, for a place to make a home; and then he had to fight with the wild conditions of nature,— level the forests, ford the rivers and streams, brave the storms. All the conditions of the earth that were apparently antagonistic to his peace and his life he had to subdue, to conquer,— at any

rate to control them, so that they should not harm him; and he has more and more become master of them, so that they are beginning to be his servants.

And beyond this he has had to fight other men,— *had* to fight other men, remember,— fight for his life, for his home, for his religion, for any higher degree of civilization which he has attained. He has *had* in the past, whatever is true of to-day, to be a fighter; and we must remember, in estimating his characteristics, his faults, and his virtues, the conditions which have determined these.

In the next place, another great function of the man has been that of the explorer. He is the one, not the woman, who has started out to find a place for a larger and a better life, to find a new home, to seek new pasturage for his cattle, new opportunities for life. He is the one who has discovered new countries, the one who has gone to seek his fortune in different lands, to find new continents and new worlds, to make a place where a home should be founded later, after

he had made the conquest of the bare opportunity.

We shall find this characteristic of man manifested in all the higher ranges of life. It is he who has been the intellectual explorer; it is he who has been the discoverer in realms of thought,— he has found new worlds of ideas; it is he who goes out into new and untried fields of religious thought first, and makes a place where the woman can follow. This has been the general characteristic: there are exceptions; but this is the normal.

In the third place, man has been a builder, a creator, a maker. He has built the outside of the home, the shelter, the place in which he could live. He has built in the realms of thought. He has been a creator in all departments of human life.

I am not, understand, in making these statements, claiming any superiority for man. All these questions of more or less, of better or worse, of superior or inferior, are waived aside: they have no place in a discussion of this sort. To discuss as to which is the

better, the man or the woman, which is the superior, the greater, which has done more for the world,—all these questions seem to me simply absurd. We are not discussing these questions: we are simply trying to define matters and see where we are.

No woman, then, so far as I know, with a very few exceptions, has ever done any great creative work in any department of human thought or life. Man, then, is not only the fighter and the explorer, but he is the builder.

Now what are the virtues that go along with such functions as these? If I do not put my finger on what some think to be the chief virtues of the man, it will be understood that I am passing them by deliberately, that I am trying to select those things that have been the most important in the development of the world, the advancement of society, of civilization, and which, therefore, the conditions of human life have called out and emphasized.

The first great virtue of a man in all the past — and it is just as true to-day as it ever

has been — is strength, power. He has been able to play his part as a fighter, as an explorer, as a builder, only as he has been strong. It is not always physical strength. Some of the noblest and greatest men of the world have been physical weaklings, cripples, invalids all their lives long. But they have been mighty of brain, or they have been stout of heart, or they have been grand, gigantic, in their spiritual nature. The men who have played a great part in the history of the world have been the strong men, strong in some direction. This is the first virtue of manhood.

The next is the accompaniment of this, or ought to be; that is, courage. This is something a little different from strength: for, if a man knows he is strong and knows that he can master the difficulty that confronts him, there is no special call for courage. Courage is that quality of a man that leads him to face danger, a difficulty that he does not feel sure he can cope with, to attempt to overcome an obstacle that he knows may be too much for him,— courage

in physical warfare, courage in facing intellectual difficulties, the courage that leads the martyr to stand firmly by his convictions, even when the flames are burning his flesh to crisp; the courage that makes a man go to prison and endure what perhaps is worse than martyrdom, years of loneliness, with only his high thoughts and his God for companionship. The next great quality of a man, then, is courage.

Next, after that, is honor; because in the case of force, power, where there is not superior power to shape and mould it, it must find shaping and moulding to high issues and noble ends in the resources of the man himself. And so, along with the noblest characters of the world, there has been developed this quality of honor; and it manifests itself in the most unexpected places. We see it in the ages of chivalry; we see it on many a battlefield; we see it in all the past. Men at the bidding of honor have faced death, faced every kind of hardship. They have refused to strike a dishonorable blow, perhaps in a duel, when

they knew that this meant the possibility of the loss of their own lives. And yet honor has been more than life to them. In men that we do not think of as particularly good at all, we are astonished to find this development of honor. Curiously enough, you can read of such a case in the annals of crime, of a man who had just escaped from prison, where he had been held for murder, a man, according to all our standards, regarded as in every way bad, yet taking the risk of the loss of his liberty and his life, because of the sense of honor towards the woman — whose character we cannot regard with any respect, either — who had been instrumental in his escape. They tell us that they might have gone free if it had not been for this overmastering sense of honor, even in the desperado's heart.

The next great virtue is chivalry, courtesy, that which makes the strong gentle, kindly. As I look over the movements of society to-day, though I am in favor of every step in advance taken by women, I shrink from seeing that there is danger on the part of the

average man of his misinterpreting these movements to such an extent that his courtesy may become less. He is apt to say: These women want to stand alone, compete with me in business, take their place independently in the world. Then let them go alone and take care of themselves. It is a pity! The movements of the modern world are apt to be misunderstood on one side or the other; and it is a pity that there should be any decay of the chivalry, the courtesy, which is the crowning glory and beauty of the strength of man.

Let us turn now sharply, and see what part the woman has played in the evolution of the world. She has been first the inspirer,—the inspiration of all the highest, finest, sweetest, noblest, truest things that man has done. If you analyze a man's actions, be they good or bad, the chances are a thousand to one that you will find the thought or the love or the memory or the hope connected with some woman, as the mainspring and motive force of it all. Woman, then, has been in the first place the inspirer of life.

Next, she has been the home-maker. A man can build a house, but he cannot make a home. A man can furnish for himself bachelor quarters; but, if you visit them, you will know in a moment whether a woman's touch has ever been felt there. Let a woman pass through a house,— it may have all that goes to make up a home before she has passed through it except herself, but let her pass through it,— and in twenty-four hours the whole thing is transformed; nothing is what it was before, all is softened, beautified, glorified by her taste, her skill, her presence. She gives it atmosphere, beauty, all that makes up what we mean when we say "home."

A man goes to foreign countries, makes a conquest of new regions, clears the forests, raises harvests, and builds a house; and then the woman comes and makes the home, and civilization begins.

And, in the next place, woman has been the comfort, the comforter. Jesus, you know, tells us that the crowning thing in Christianity is to be the fact that the Com-

forter is to come, to be in the hearts and lives of men, assuring them of the love of the Father, the guide and inspiration, the bestower of that peace which the world can neither give nor take away. So, as far as this world is concerned, woman has played the part of the comforter. I do not need to go into detail by way of illustration. Read the history of the past, and see the lesson written in letters of gratitude and tenderness everywhere,— women on the battlefields, women in the hospitals, women in sick chambers, women in the hours of man's depression and despair, women at the crisis points of human life, everywhere bringing balm and help.

Jesus, in his hours of deepest agony, when the shadow of Gethsemane was over him, loved to go to the home of Martha and Mary and in the atmosphere of their sympathy find comfort.

Now, as a woman has played this rôle in the history of the world, what in her case are the special, peculiar virtues which have developed and given her her power? You

may be a little surprised to have it said; but the first virtue of a woman, as it has been in the past, as it is now and ever will be, is beauty,— beauty, if she can have it, of face, of form, of adornment. Beauty does not mean extravagance or display, but real beauty. If she cannot have these, she can have something better than these,— beauty of mind, of character, of heart, of soul, that quality which culminates in charm, which draws, which attracts. This is the first great virtue of woman, has been in all the past, is to-day, and must be always. This is her peculiar power: it is a power greater than the man's muscle, greater than the man's intellect, greater than the man's courage. It has proved itself from the beginning of the world to be the mightiest power that humanity has ever known,— the charm of woman.

Her next great virtue, developed by the peculiar conditions of her life, is endurance, patience. A woman will endure a thousand times more than a man; for her life from the beginning has been one of waiting, of

patience, of bearing, from the old savage times, when the man went out on the war-path or to hunt, and she stayed behind and waited, wondering if he would ever come back, through an experience like that of the mother of the Nazarene when he goes out on his career and she watches and wonders and waits. All through the history of the world — take it in our wars — the sweetheart, the mother, the wife, waiting, wondering whether she will ever hear that footstep again, whether she will ever look in that face again, whether she will ever listen to the sweet tones of that voice again,— woman has been waiting, patient, enduring. And how much she endures as she loves and trains the child! Endurance is the signet of her life from the beginning to the end.

And the next great virtue of the woman is fidelity, faithfulness. I may be misunderstood; but I must interject one word right here. Do not misinterpret it. If I have not placed faithfulness among the virtues of man in the past, I have omitted it for a purpose. Fidelity has been one of the great

crowning virtues of woman; for she has held in her hand and carried by her faithfulness the safety of the family, the lines of the world's descent, all the fine and high things that need to be carried on into the future. Fidelity, then, is the next great virtue of woman.

And, last, gentleness. There is a story in one of the classical writers to the effect that the god of the winds is blowing the ocean into great breakers and disturbing the serenity of the earth, when suddenly Venus appears; and all things at her presence are calm again, the ocean lies placid and reflects the blueness of the heavens. This is typical of what is true in human life everywhere.

Now I must turn from these characteristics of men and women, and put my finger for a moment on the two great typical characteristics of manhood and womanhood summed up in a phrase. The vices of the world, the evils of the world, are always either the defects, the excesses, or the perversions of its virtues. That is, if a man does wrong, he can do it only in one of

three ways,— either in the defective, the excessive, or the perverted use of some power that is right,— so that there is a close kinship always between the virtues and the vices of men and women.

I have said that man's great characteristic has been strength, power; and the vices of man have almost always been connected with it. Woman's great characteristic has been in the direction of the sentimental, the emotional; and her defects and the evils that have resulted from them have almost always been along these lines. Now scientists tell us that in the evolution of the world there are two tendencies at work always. One is the tendency to produce some new thing, branch out in some new direction. The other is the hereditary tendency, which tends always and only to repeat the past. There are scientists — and I am inclined to agree with them so far as my investigations have extended — who tell us that from the lowest forms of life clear up to man it is the masculine that is the source of the tendency to vary always, and it is the feminine which

is the source of the tendency to conserve and keep what has been already attained.

You can trace this in every direction. In religion you will find it very manifest. The men are almost always the first heretics. The men are the ones who break away from the past, who think new thoughts, who evolve new philosophical theories; and the women are the ones who cling to the forms and traditions, the associations, of the past. Of course there are exceptions. This seems to me to be the general truth.

And it is just as it should be. I am speaking of it merely to note it as a truth; for, as you see, if man had his way, if the tendency to vary were carried too far, we should break our connection with the past, growth would cease, revolution would take the place of evolution, and all the fine, sweet, gentle, noble things that the world has wrought out would be lost. But if the womanly tendency, to care chiefly in a sentimental way for the past, should be altogether dominant, then there would be no more growth, there would be an end of evolution, and the world would stay as it is.

So man needs to qualify his instinctive contempt for sentiment, for the conservative tendency, for that which loves the old, the accustomed, the associations with which one has been familiar; and woman needs to modify her desire to keep in the quiet nest which the past has established, and become brave enough to follow the man as he goes out into something new, wider, and better. For the progress of the world depends upon the combination of these two, the man and the woman.

But there must be a conserving of the fine and sweet things already attained, or else we lose our connection with the past; and all the rich heritage that has been gained would be lost. I must only hint these two ideas; you can trace them out not only in religion, but in government, in science, in art, in society,— everywhere these two forces have played their part in every department of life and thought.

I turn now to another great phase of my theme. All the tragedies of the world, I suppose,— almost all of them,— have been

connected with the relations of men and women. The evils, the crimes, the heart-aches and heart-breaks, the immoralities of the world, are all, or almost all, to be found in this direction. But let us note here that morality itself finds its root, the possibility of its existence, in the fact of sex. Let me show you how plain, how self-evident, this is. And let me show you another thing.

I think it is a common idea that, when a man ceases to be selfish and becomes unselfish, he has somehow achieved a right-about-face; that the two are contradictory the one to the other. I do not believe it: one naturally and necessarily grows out of the other. What we call unselfishness is an evolution from what we call selfishness. Let me show you how true this is, while at the same time I show you that morality finds its root in the fact of sex.

Go back to the beginning, and here is a man. He has fallen in love, we will say, with a woman. What does that mean? It means simply a great, overmastering, selfish passion: he desires to possess the woman.

She returns his love; and what has happened? Suddenly his great, selfish love has become the most unselfish thing in the world: he loves her so much — grant that at first he thinks of her only as an extension of himself — that he is ready to suffer, to sacrifice himself, even to die for that love; ready to extinguish self, almost at the first step.

A child is born. Then what? Both the father and the mother love the child; and in thousands of cases it is true — and this is what it tends to always — they love the child better than they love themselves. At any rate, they love it so that they will take all sorts of chances, risk their health, their property, their lives, for the sake of the child. Selfishness again on both sides turned into the most magnificent devotion, and no right-about-face at all, only a natural and normal development.

Then what? The love of the father and the mother for the child expands, and takes in the wider circle of the patriarchal family. They hate people beyond the limits of the

family; but they love the family, and regard the members as themselves. This expands to the tribe, the tribe expands to the nation. We have reached this point to-day. We love our own people, no matter how much we may hate an Englishman, a Frenchman, a German, or an Italian. We are proud of our own country and love our own people.

In certain typical cases this love has broadened until it has taken in humanity; and there have been magnificent examples in the past of men who have loved humanity more than they loved their own people, if possible. At any rate they have been ready to sacrifice themselves and die for man.

And it does not stop there. We are learning — and Darwinism has helped us to learn — the grand lesson that all living creatures are akin to us, and so there is a great manifestation of tenderness and love for whatever can feel, whatever can suffer; and it does not end even there.

Lowell, in his "Under the Willows," says,—

"I in June am midway to believe
A tree among my far progenitors."

There are people who begin to feel the presence of a mysterious, divine life in all nature. Wordsworth has embodied it perhaps better than any one. Read over again "Tintern Abbey." You remember there, after telling how he feels

"A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts,"

he goes on,—

"... Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods
And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth. ..."

He feels the divine life in all things, and his love expands until it takes in the universe.

This, then, is what has grown out of the love of man for woman, and of the man and the woman for their child. No matter how many crimes or tragedies are connected with it, with it also are connected all the finest and sweetest things that the world has

known. It is the love of man and woman that has made this world a world of romance instead of a bare world of isolated and hard facts. It is this love that has covered the rough outlines of mountains and trees and seashores with an atmosphere softened, beautifying, glorifying all.

What great poem has the world produced which has not been inspired by the love of man for woman or woman for man? What great music has been written that is not the attempt to express the inexpressible, deep love of the human heart? What are all the great novels of the world but attempts to embody the love of man and woman? What else are all the great dramas? What has been done in the direction of art, sculpture, pictures? Take this one thing away, and all the mighty fabric of the world's beauty and glory and romance and poetry and song would shiver into atoms or dissipate into air.

It is the one thing that we all dream of on this earth: it is the one thing, is it not, which makes the attraction and glory of

heaven? If there were no love, who would care for immortality? If there were no human love, who would care? We love God as the giver of human love, as the ideal of human love, as the summed-up fulness of all love; but we climb to the throne of God, to the footstool of the Father, up the stairways of love for mother, sister, sweetheart, wife, child. These are the steps by which we rise to the highest.

And, as we look forward towards the immortal life, what is it that we think of first? Is it not that mother is over there waiting, or the wife, if she has preceded us? Is it not this dream of the ideal love that we hope to find again? or, if we have not found it here, that we hope to discover there?

At the close of one of his poems, Browning, it seems to me, has summed it up, and has spoken the truth which is at the secret heart of us all: —

> "O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
> And with God be the rest."

II.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE

II.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

I HEAR it said a great many times in a tone of despondency, and with an implication of criticism, that most marriages are commonplace and far from ideal. I suppose that possibly this is true. I have never seen a great many ideal marriages; but, then, I ought not to be surprised, for I have never seen a great many ideal men and women; and there cannot be ideal marriages until there are ideal people to make them of.

I am inclined to think that marriages are, on the whole, as successful as other human arrangements. There are no ideal political institutions. There are no ideal scientific or art organizations. There are no ideal organizations — or very few of them, at any rate — of any kind; and this, as I said, is because we have not yet developed the ideal man and the ideal woman.

If we held the old conception of human history, and believed that the world started perfect and had fallen into its present state of imperfection, it would, indeed, wear a discouraging look; but when we glance back and down, and see where humanity began, when we realize that the present imperfections of human society are not the fragments of an ideal that once existed and that has been broken, but that they are rather the ever-increasingly good attempts of men and women towards reaching an ideal that is before us, then we look upon our present state with comfort, comparative contentment, and a good deal of hope. We are on the way towards perfection. We are not on the way from it.

The story of the evolution of monogamic marriage is one of the most fascinating and instructing that one can trace. Men and women have learned how rightly, happily, prosperously to get along with each other by trying, just as they have learned everything else. There has been vouchsafed to this world no finished or perfect revelation, no

perfect pattern by which men are to order their lives. They have learned how to do right; they have learned what doing wrong means; they have learned, so far as the lesson has been attained, to let the wrong alone and to do what is right by an age-long course of experience. So that marriage, for better or worse, good as it is or bad as it is, is the result of the so-far attainment of man in civilization.

In the old geography which I studied as a boy, I remember that mankind was divided into the savage races, the barbaric,— a little above the savage condition,— the civilized, and the enlightened. Most of the world was in the barbaric condition. There were savage tribes wandering here and there, a few selected people had become what was called civilized, and two or three nations were labelled enlightened.

But, as matter of fact, how is it? The most of the world to-day is in a condition of practical barbarism. Civilization exists only here and there, in places. New York has all these grades within its own limits,—

savagery, barbarism, civilization, enlightenment. There will be ideal marriages only when the world has become what it ought to be, and realizes the poet's dream. Now and then, indeed, we do find illustrious examples here and there which tell us what may be.

Now let us raise the question as to what marriage is. Marriage is the affectional, physical, mental, moral, spiritual union of a man and a woman; and this union, in all these respects, should be complete.

What has the State to do with it? It is the common, the superficial habit of people to imagine that they can go to a justice of the peace or to a minister, who acts in this regard as a State official, and be married. They can do nothing of the sort. The State never yet married anybody, and never can. If people do not marry themselves, I care not what their relations with each other may be, they are not, and cannot be, married. All the State does is to recognize the fact, if it exists, and surround it with legal guardianship to protect the rights of

the parties concerned. That is all the State has to do with it or can have to do with it.

What has the Church to do? There are those, I know, who tell us that marriage is a sacrament, and that it can be consummated only by the Church. But here again, in my judgment, the Church can only do this: it can recognize the fact, if it exists, and can consecrate by its rites and ceremonies this fact, recognizing it as divine, as holy, as sacred. But the Church cannot make it divine or holy or sacred. The man and the woman must make it these; and the Church can only consecrate that which already exists.

What have parents and guardians to do with marriage? Of course, they have legal power to consent or object so long as the man and the woman are under age; but, ordinarily, this sort of interference is not wise. The matter has been discussed a great deal as to whether the human race could not be bettered by having some wise supervision and determination of the matter as to who shall marry and who shall not; but, so far as I know, the discussion has

evolved little or no practical wisdom. It is a matter that chiefly concerns the man and the woman; and in the last resort, for better or worse, they must settle it, and must take the consequences. If parents and guardians keep themselves, as they ought, in sympathetic and helpful touch with the young people, they may be of inestimable service; but, ordinarily, an attempt forcibly to interfere accomplishes no good. The young man and the young woman may be advised, may be helped, may be guided, if they will submit to guidance; but, ordinarily, the matter must be left in their own hands.

Now who ought to marry? In a general way, it seems to me that I am right in saying that everybody ought to marry. If a man or a woman goes through the world alone there is a distinct and definite loss. There is, first, arrest of the proper and natural wholesome development of the personality. No man is complete, no man has lived through his proper experiences, has lived out his life, unless he has attained the dignity, the glory, the beauty, of being a

husband and a father. These are part of manhood; and the man is something less than what he is capable of becoming if he stops anywhere short of these.

And a similar thing is true on the part of the woman. She is fitted in every way to complete herself by becoming the wife and the mother; and she loses something of the richness, the development, the perfection of her personality if for any cause she fails of these.

And yet there are of necessity, all over the world, men and women walking the pathway of life alone. Sometimes we can only stand one side, and look with reverence and awe and wonder at the sweetness, the beauty, of a life that is thus lived alone. Take, for example, the case of Charles Lamb, who chose the lonely path, turning away from his dream of love because of an invalid sister and an aged and dependent father who needed his daily, nightly, sedulous, constant care. That is a case where there is distinct and definite gain in moral completeness and grandeur because of the

loss, redeemed by the nature of the sacrifice voluntarily taken.

So there are daughters who are tied by duty to home, and they choose what seems to them the right path, though it be one that is thorny and rough and hard, and though it means the putting aside of those dreams of love and happiness that come of necessity to every normal and healthful nature. And it seems to me pitiful and contemptible when in cases like these there can be applied to them the name, half-sneeringly, half-pityingly, of "old maid." "Old maid" under these conditions becomes a name to glory in and of which to be reverently and lovingly proud.

Then there are those, men and women both, who have had a dream when they were young, and the one they loved, for some reason, beyond their power, has passed out of their lives. Perhaps the face has faded into the invisible, perhaps the affection was not returned; and this man or woman is walking through life in the companionship of some one else. No matter what the

reason, there are men and women who go through a long life alone, true to the remembrance of a sweet but broken dream, consecrating their lives to this dear memory, making it an inspiration, a power to cleanse and purify and uplift, making it a motive force for noble and gracious service. There are cases like these.

There are people who for one of a hundred other causes are unable to marry; but it is always, it seems to me, a thing to be regretted, a thing to be, if be it must, transformed, uplifted, made the occasion, as almost all disappointments can be, of something fine and sweet and high, if it be not the thing that the heart has dreamed of and found incapable of realization.

I wish to touch, in passing, the ecclesiastical dogma that there is something peculiarly sacred about virginity and celibacy. I do not for one instant believe it. I care not what councils, bishops, churches, popes, may have enunciated the dogma. Let me say it reverently, and without being misunderstood if I may, I cannot have any reverence what-

ever even for the far-famed and eternally exalted virginity of Mary. To place virginity, celibacy, above the consecration and noble service of fatherhood or motherhood, seems to me to cast a slur upon the father or the mother, and to impugn the wisdom and the goodness of God, who has ordained the fact that this distinction of sex runs through the universe from the highest to the lowest, and has made it the means of all the power and glory and beauty that are.

All people, then,— it seems to me this is the general truth,— ought, if possible, to marry. But now there are certain very important exceptions which must be noted — exceptions which spring out of the fact that we are in process of evolution, and that our whole humanity is disjointed, disorganized, disarranged in many ways, and that certain things are necessary in this imperfect world which are a departure from the general ideal.

If there were any way of accomplishing it, the marriage of degenerates and criminals should be prevented. I say *if* there were any way of preventing it. I frankly

confess I do not know of any. This is only an ideal to be thought about, and to be reached if it ever becomes practicable. But there are certain voluntary things in this direction that can be done, and that will be done when the moral sense of the world gets high enough and fine enough.

I think in the first place that a man ought not to marry until he can see the way clear to making himself an independent home. Do not let this be made an excuse, as it is on the part of thousands to-day, for postponing marriage until you get rich. I do not mean that at all. There are large numbers of young men who are not getting married to-day simply because it would be the assumption on their part of a burden, it would be to take away from their possibilities of luxurious self-indulgence. I do not mean this at all. But a man has no right to make his assumption of the marriage bond a burden upon anybody else. He ought to be able to make this the one great pride of his manhood, to stand upon his own feet, to make himself a place in the

world, to do his own work, and take care of those dependent upon him. And he ought not to marry until there seems at least a reasonable chance for this.

There are others who ought not to marry. It is pitiful; but there are men who know that they carry in themselves seeds of disease. They may have inherited them. No matter where they have come from, when the world gets morally sensitive enough, these people will turn away from even the joy of having a home lest they transmit diseases and burdens to the next generations. I do not think a person has a right to bring a child into the world unless he can believe that this child is to be dowered with a fair degree of health, and unless he is so situated that he can see a fair chance of giving the child a proper start in life.

There are, then, exceptions to this general rule that everybody ought to marry. These exceptions the clear intelligence or the sensitive conscience must discover; for, as I said, I do not know of any power outside that is wise enough so that it would be safe to intrust a matter of this kind in its hands.

Now I wish to ask you to consider with me for a little while as to what are the grounds and conditions of a true marriage. I said a moment ago that marriage is a fact which must be created by the parties to it: nobody else can do it. But there are a great many people who conclude to live together in the form of marriage, and who are perhaps perfectly innocent about it, who, after all, are not married in the truest and deepest sense of the word, and who ought never to have come thus together. What are the conditions, then, of a real marriage?

First, I shall go with the poets and the writers of romance far enough to say that the first, middle, last, eternal, universal condition ought to be love. If love does not exist, nothing else, I care not what it may be, can justify the relation. There must be this intangible, indefinable thing that we call love. Can I tell you just what it is? No. Can I tell you how to develop it? No. Can I always tell by looking on in a particular case as to whether it exists or not? No. It is invisible, it is intangible, it is in-

definable; but it is something that a man can be conscious of if it exists, and he can know whether it exists or not. It is something that a woman can be conscious of if it exists.

I am aware of the fact — and it does not derogate at all from what I am saying — that whim, fancy, passion, and many other things, are sometimes mistaken for love. People think they love when they do not: they find it out when it is too late. They have mistaken some other emotion for it; but that evil comes as the result of haste. Wait until you know whether love exists: that, at any rate, you can do. If it is love, it will keep: if it is not love, it may evaporate, and you will look for it and not find it. It is fortunate for you in that case if you have waited. Wait until you are sure. There would not be so many divorces if there were not so many hasty and ill-considered marriages.

I think that the way to reform society at the present time, instead of troubling so much over the matter of divorces, would be

to make it a little more difficult for people to get married. At least establish some sort of barrier that would compel people to wait long enough to know whether they really love each other or not. Love is the only thing that can sanctify this relation.

I am aware that there are marriages for a hundred other reasons,— marriages of convenience, as they are called. There are people who marry for money, both men and women. There are, more frequently perhaps in the Old World than here, people who marry out of family considerations or for the sake of bringing together two estates, landed or what not. As this country gets older, though, and large fortunes are established, the temptation to this sort of thing here becomes more and more. But I do not believe that marriages of this sort can be too forcibly branded for what they really are.

If a woman gives herself to a man for money, I for one cannot see any satisfactory distinction on account of the largeness of the price. It is not marriage when you

marry for money: it is a bargain,—a bargain in which you sell the one thing that is most sacred in manhood or womanhood. It is not marriage if it becomes a matter of convenience. If a woman marries for a title or for a home or for anything but love, it is not marriage: it is really that unmentionable thing that we look upon with such supreme contempt. There are cases, of course, where this is not seen, where the parties personally mean well, where they are not conscious of evil. Then, too, since the social order is maintained, the evil to others may be less. But the personal relation is utterly unjustifiable.

First, then, as the condition of marriage, love must exist. But beyond that there should be respect and reverence. I say this because in the first flush of youth there are, I suppose, a great many cases of people being, as they suppose, genuinely in love, when as they get more acquainted, perhaps marry and live together by the year, they find the grounds for genuine respect and reverence do not exist. A man and woman

ought not to come together unless the man can look up to the heights of a womanhood that are as much above him as the Alps are above a Swiss valley; and a woman ought not to marry a man unless she also can look up with respect and reverence to the qualities and characteristics which he possesses.

If a man is in love, it is said that he instinctively bends the knee. He ought to bend the knee. Not only the physical knee, but bow his heart, his mind, his soul, in the presence of something that out-towers and overtops him.

And, then, there should be sympathy, general community of life, ideals, and aims. People ought to be ready to walk substantially the same road together towards the same goal. If there be not this general sympathy, then by and by there develops friction, diversity of taste; and they find that they are walking apart from each other, and are getting more and more separated. This only as a hint in that direction.

I would like to say here just a word touching the matter of religion. There are

happy marriages of people who are as wide as the poles apart in their religious faith; but they are exceedingly rare, and it seems to me a very dangerous experiment to try. I know cases, and they are always pitiful, where the man, who has no religion at all, has a wife who is very religious. He is tolerant towards it. He engages her a pew in the church she prefers to attend. He does not go. He may not say much about it; but he looks upon her as a sort of half-developed child, because she cares for these things. There is a looking down upon it with a superior, supercilious kind of tolerance. There is no sympathy, there is no heart to heart contact, union of purpose and ideal concerning these things, that, if they mean anything, mean the deepest and highest things in human life.

It seems to me that, other things being equal, it is worth very serious consideration on the part of people who are thinking of getting married as to whether they have at least general sympathy and mutual respect concerning the religious attitude.

There is one other thing that seems to me very important. People marry as the result of impulse. They enjoy each other's society for a little while. The husband thinks the wife beautiful: the wife thinks the husband strong and masterful. But they find, after they have been married a year or two or three or four or five, that there is no basis for comradeship; and, next to the fact of love, the most important thing in a happy marriage appears to me to be the fact that the man and the woman could be pleasant companions if they were not married. If they have enough in common so that they would seek each other for mutual comradeship whether married or not, then it is pretty safe for them to get married. I believe this to be the next most important thing to love itself.

Now, to turn sharply away from this, I wish to point out a few of the dangers that young men and women are likely to encounter in the first years of their married life, some of the dangers which they can guard against and avoid, some of the things

that, in my judgment, have caused many unhappy marriages, and have resulted in a good many needless divorce suits.

What ought to be the attitude of the newly married couple to each other? What is the difficulty at the outset? First, it seems to me the one great danger that threatens at the beginning is egotism. It may be egotism on the husband's part, it may be on the wife's part. You will almost always find that either the one or the other is the stronger, the more masterful. It is not always the husband by any manner of means. One or the other is naturally stronger, more forceful.

Now the danger is that the husband, for example, will set himself up as the standard, the type. The way he has been accustomed to live is the right way. The way he has been accustomed to look at things is the right point of view. The habits that he has trained himself in are the correct habits. He wishes to dominate the wife, and shape her completely to his own ideas, to his own way of doing things.

If any principle were involved, it would be a matter that we could treat at least with respectful consideration; but nine times out of ten it is not a matter of principle at all, it is only a matter of personal habit, feeling, custom, whim. But the husband wants to model his wife after his own way. Or, if you turn it around, the wife perhaps has the stronger personality. She asserts her egotistic individuality, and endeavors to become the standard, and wants her husband to mould and shape himself to her ideas.

Now the chances are, nine times out of ten, that neither one has any sort of right to take this attitude concerning any matter whatever. The thing necessary to learn at the very beginning is to respect the personality of the husband or the wife, as the case may be, and recognize her right or his right to be herself or himself in regard to these matters.

I think, for example,— and this incidentally and by the way,— that, other things being equal, it is much better for people to get married while they are comparatively

young, and before they get methods and habits and ways hard and fast and fixed. People had better marry during the plastic period of life, while they can more easily shape their customs and ways one to the other. But, if they have not done this, let them learn to respect each other's individuality; and these matters that are of no practical moment should not be made bones of contention, sources of friction, means for chafing and irritation.

Not only in regard to these superficial things: carry the matter farther yet. In any true marriage there ought to be absolute respect for the inviolate personality of each. Because people are married, they have no right to let the brute, the mere forceful power, the dominating tendency, play its part. If you wish to be taken into the intimacy of your companion's life, remember it is something you cannot break into with an axe or a crowbar or the tools of a burglar. You cannot break into these things by your masterful self-assertion and force; and you have no right to. A wife should have abso-

lute control of her own personality, her body, her mind, her moral nature, her conscience, her spiritual nature. She should be respected as a complete individual; and the approaches of one to the other should be only through sympathy, by invitation, as a matter of courtesy, of welcome, of tenderness, of love.

As an illustration of the limits that I would put upon this thing, I do not believe that a husband has any right to break open a letter that is addressed to his wife, any more than he would have to go into a merchant's office down town and tamper with his mail. I do not believe that the wife has any right to interfere with the correspondence of her husband. If they are married really, and love and trust each other, there is no need of it; and, if they are not, then it only leads to more mischief and makes matters worse than they already are.

Respect each other's individuality. If you find you cannot live together properly, in mutual respect and love, then separate. That is a larger matter, and touches the

problem of divorce. But, so long as you do live together, live in trust and mutual confidence and love, because, when they are gone, the marriage does not exist any longer.

Carry this matter even to external affairs of personal conduct. Treat each other with the same thoughtful courtesy that you used when you were engaged. One of the great difficulties of married life is that the romance disappears, the poetry is gone, it becomes common. What does "common" mean? What is a village common? A common is a piece of open ground that every human foot, and the foot of every wild beast and bird, clean or unclean, is at liberty to trample across. Married life is in danger constantly of becoming common, commonplace. And that is the reason that husbands and wives are tempted so many times to seek for the romance and the poetry outside of the home.

Cultivate, then, the courtesy, the poetry, all the beauty and glory of the married life to the very last day of living together.

Marriage is not completed in a moment.

You may have known each other for some years, become, as you say, well acquainted. You may be bound together by mutual affection, true and tender love. Then you may have this marriage solemnized by the State official, a servant of the Church; but you have only begun to be married. Marriage is a matter of days and weeks and months and years. If you try to live together in mutual sympathy and love and respect, you ought to grow closer together, into more intimate union, year by year; and the romance ought to deepen and heighten, not fade and disappear.

When age comes, the wife ought not simply to fix her attention on the wrinkles of her husband's face, on the thinning of the hair upon his head, upon the fact that he is feebler than he used to be, walks with a little less vigorous step. If she loves him, she always sees the young man that won her love at the first. And so the man, if he truly loves her, carries in his heart the girl that first took his fancy, and that years ago committed all her sweetness, purity, happi-

ness, to his keeping. And so the union ought to grow deeper and sweeter and higher.

Let me repeat some words that all are familiar with. We are familiar with them just because they touch human life at its deepest and sweetest: —

"John Anderson, my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonny brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snow,
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo!

"John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither;
Now we maun totter doun, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo."

Here I part with Burns. I do not expect to sleep at the foot of any hill, either alone or with any one else. I turn from

Burns to John Bunyan. If you remember "Pilgrim's Progress," you know how at the end he came to the land of Beulah, a beautiful country of peace representing the loving and sweet old age, and that was separated from the other country by a dark and cold river. Bunyan sees the Pilgrim go down into this river, and disappear under the waves. He does not sleep. He leaves his old and mortal clothing in the river, and comes out on the other side, clad in brightness and beauty, and with a renewed and eternal youth. And Bunyan saw him disappear into the midst of a company so glad that, as he closed the book, he sighed and wished that he might be among them.

III.

PARENT AND CHILD

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THE most wonderful, the most awe-inspiring fact in all the world is the birth of a child, from whatever point of view we regard it,—of fatherhood, motherhood, or childhood. And yet through the perversity of our own imaginations we have made it a subject that is largely tabooed. We may think about it; but we must rarely speak of it perhaps not speak of it at all with any simplicity or frankness. And we must enfold it with a haze of mystery, which were well enough, but also with a haze of ignorance that seems to me to approach being one of the most lamentable, if not the most wicked, things in human life.

The young man by the time he is to be married, if he knows anything, has probably learned it from some devil's advocate; and

the young woman, if she knows anything at all, would probably be ashamed to confess it. And yet this is the most important function of life. To set a man or a woman adrift on the wide Atlantic in a ship without any knowledge of ocean currents or winds or waves, without knowledge of the construction of the ship, utterly ignorant of the laws and principles of navigation, would be wisdom and kindness compared to that which is the commonest fact all around us, and which we think at least to be venial, if not commendable. This has arisen, perhaps, from two causes: first, animalism on our own part; next, animalism consecrated as religious teaching. For, as I have intimated, a certain section of the Church has gone about to teach something wiser, better, holier than God's own ordained institution. It has taught that there was something about celibacy, about virginity, that was peculiarly holy. That means, if it means anything, that fatherhood and motherhood are something less holy, something possibly tainted, not quite sweet and true and pure.

But the man who is not blessed by fatherhood has failed of the complete cycle of his being: the woman who does not become a mother has not reached the sweetest and finest development of her nature. As a rosebush that never bursts into flower, as an apple-tree that never has hanging on its boughs the beautifully tinted and luscious-tasting fruit, so human lives that are not blessed by fatherhood and motherhood come short of the perfect unfoldment of their being. It is here that we come nearest to God, the God who is Essence, Source, Creator; and well may the mother, it seems to me, express herself in words like these: —

It is the mighty God, I know,
  Who thrills my being through —
  He lives in star and dew —
And, as June roses bud and blow,
  So bids me blossom, too.

Within my soul the sacred root
  Of this new life runs down,—
  Sweet love the seed hath sown,—
Thence upward grows and comes to fruit,
  And all my life doth crown.

I am become creator then,
God's secret I can guess,—
O wondrous happiness! —
I stand, the mother proud of men,
That strong sons love and bless.

Close at the universe's core,
And out through all its range,—
It rules life, death, and change,—
This secret lives forevermore,
Sacred, divine and strange.

The soul that doth this burden miss,
Unlinked in being's chain,—
It seeks a fancy vain,—
Shirking God's care, life's keenest bliss
Loses, nor finds again.

The cradle is God's purest shrine:
At this fair fount of life —
Hush here, O world, your strife! —
Bow with veiled eyes, and call divine
The mother crowned as wife.

Consider for one instant: across this frail bridge of tiny particles of living substance, so small that the microscope is needed to see them, the generations pass, linking all the past with all the to-be; in this little tiny

globule, physical, mental, moral, spiritual characteristics go on up the ages,— the father's looks, the soul of the mother in the eyes, a trick of movement or speech that belonged to grandfather or grandmother. Traits derived from a hundred thousand years ago,— these are carried on to build and make the future.

Let us think for a moment of two or three debts that we owe to this marvellous fact of childhood. The lower forms of life produce hundreds, thousands, and sometimes many thousands of progeny. They live but a very brief period of time. The relation of parent and child is so slight that, while nature seems to care that the life shall go on, it cares for nothing else so far as we can see. There is no love between father and mother, no love between child and parent, simply the procession of life goes on.

But, as we rise higher in the scale of being, a new and marvellous thing appears. The relations of father and mother become more and more prolonged, the relation of

parent and child becomes more and more prolonged, until, when we reach the human stage, what do we find? The child, though the fruit of a long period of preparation, is the most helpless of all things that are born into the world, and the love of father and mother for the child links them together in their mutual care for the offspring; and so what do we have? We have the home for the first time on the planet. We have the prolonged period of love that binds together the father and the mother; and we have the mutual love for the child. So out of this is born human love, the human family.

And what does that mean? It means the sense of human kinship all around the world; and it means the possibility on the lips of Jesus of the Lord's Prayer. It means the ability to say "Our Father who art in heaven," and the corollary from that, that all human beings, of whatever blood, are brethren. This is one gift of childhood.

Then another: We live over again in the children our own lives, our own youth.

They keep us young. We have the delight of looking at the old earth, which had become commonplace and stale perhaps to us, through these fresh eyes, and seeing it all again as we did in our own childhood. If you go abroad,— to Italy or anywhere,— where you see some marvellous bit of architecture or a great picture, and look at it over and over again, by and by you lose the possibility of the sensation which you had when first you looked upon it.

But you go abroad again with a friend, some one who has never been before, and you see that picture again with all the new enthusiasm, all the first delight, looking at it through the enthusiasm and the delight of your friend. So these children, as they come to us and grow up around our knees, re-create for us all the freshness, the newness, the delight, the beauty, of the world.

And, then, through them we keep on living after we have gone away. I suppose there is something very pathetic to all of us, as we get along in life, in the thought that before a great while we shall be no longer

looking out over this green earth, no longer be looking at the stars over our heads, no longer be delighting in the sunrise of morning or the glory of the west at evening, and all the works of the world will go on about us and we shall be forgotten. But, if we have left a son or a daughter, we somehow feel that it is not the same pathetic thing. This world is going on, and they are to represent us: they are a part of ourselves; they are our lives extended; and so we are still in the world through them even after we have passed away.

Then there is another phase of this matter of childhood. The children are the poetry, the sweetness, the beauty, the restfulness, the cheer, the delight of life. How much this means you can represent to yourselves if you will stop and think for a minute, and in imagination blot out all the children from the face of the earth, and think what a dreary world it would be. I cannot give you this one-half as beautifully in any other way as I can by reading some verses of Mr. Longfellow. You are fa-

miliar with them. The trouble is that all the most beautiful things are so beautiful that we get familiar with them; but they are none the less beautiful because they are so well known.

Come to me, O ye children!
For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplex me
Have vanished quite away.

Ye open the eastern windows,
That look towards the sun,
Where thoughts are singing swallows
And the brooks of morning run.

In your hearts are the birds and the sunshine,
In your thoughts the brooklet's flow;
But in mine is the wind of autumn,
And the first fall of the snow.

Ah! what would the world be to us
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into wood,—

That to the world are children;
Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
Than reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children!
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses,
And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead.

Such things, then, do we owe to the children.

And now I wish to turn sharply and consider from the point of view of the parent what we owe to them, and what we ought to do about it. Paul says,— and I love him for it,— "The children ought not to lay up for the parents, but the parents for the children." Paul had a very deep insight when

he uttered those words. What do we owe to the children?

In the first place we owe to them the very best possible birth that can be bestowed. We owe physical, mental, moral, spiritual preparation before we dare to become fathers and mothers. If we call them out of the silence into this life, then the very highest of all conceivable obligations rests upon us to see to it that so far as we are able the lives that we bestow are to them an unmixed blessing.

Our debt, then, begins in the preparation of ourselves. If a child comes into the world through accident or unwelcome or unprepared for, then against that child a deadly sin has been committed before it was born.

Then, when the child appears, what? It should be received into arms of overflowing tenderness and love and brooding care. Of course, it goes without saying, though parents are careless and ignorant in the extreme, so far as these duties are concerned, that the child shall be physically cared for, so that it

may have a heritage of health and strength. Clothing, food, all the common things of life should be scrupulously, religiously attended to.

Pride, selfishness, self-indulgence, all the things that stand in the way of these should be carefully eliminated.

Then, as the child grows up, education, teaching, training, the very best possible that we know how to bestow. We must not withhold our care because we are not sure of faultless methods in these directions; for the child will receive education, training, from its conditions, its associates, its surroundings, whether we are careful in that direction or not. We must, then, anticipate and preclude these, giving the child the very best and finest and sweetest and noblest of what we know.

To illustrate what I mean, let me turn emphatically to the matter of religious training. There are thousands of parents at the present time who practically give their children no religious training at all. They are people who have no very definite or clear-

cut ideas of their own. Perhaps they have outgrown, as they think, the old faith and have not clearly committed themselves to anything else. Or, perhaps, they look back and say, I was compelled to go to church, to Sunday-school, to submit myself to this, that, and the other against my will; and I have disliked the memory of it ever since. I will at least guard against that error, and let my children have their own way. I know parents who think it wise to let the children decide whether they shall go to church or Sunday-school, whether they shall have anything whatever to do with religious teachings or influences or not.

I cannot understand why the same course is not just as wise concerning the week-day school, musical, artistic, or literary culture or training, or any other matter whatsoever. If you stop and think of it, you know that religion in the past history of the world has been the most important and dominating influence in human life, and it is to be still in the future, whether we wish it or not; and the chances are a thousand to one that, if

you do not give your own child the very best culture and training religiously of which you are capable, it will fall under the dominating influence of some type of religious life in which you do not believe, and will be led into the acceptance of reactionary methods and ideas which you fondly suppose you have outgrown and left behind.

Give your child, then, the finest and noblest religious training of which you are capable; but let him understand that you do not consider yourself infallible, and that, if he learns something he becomes convinced is wiser and better by and by, the one highest obligation resting upon him is to follow the truth as he conceives it wherever it may lead. But meantime do the best you can to train the child into something, into reverence and love, into adoration of that which is high and fine and good, into obedience to the divine in human life. Give the child in every direction the best possible training.

Now I wish to note a fact which comes close home here. What are your rights as to moulding and shaping the life of the

child? Have you a right to be governed in this matter by your own whims, prejudices, passions, and feelings? Have you a right to shape the child in any way you will? Does the child belong to you in that sense? No. It is God's child before it is yours; and it is yours only that you may devote yourself to making the life of that child the highest and finest of which you are capable.

In the matter of vetoing the child's wishes, in the matter of punishment, it seems to me that parents have in the past misconceived entirely the relation in which they stand to the child. The child wants to do something which does not happen to be convenient to you, and you say no. You have not raised the question as to what is best for the child. You have simply been governed by your own whim or convenience. In regard to punishing a child when it has done wrong, as you say; in the first place, get a clear conception in your own mind as to what it means to the child to do wrong. Nine times out of ten, perhaps, you had no business to issue the command you did to start

with; and the wrong which you say the child has committed may be something that is not wrong at all in itself, but which you have created out of your own whim, passion, or feeling of the moment.

Have you a right to whip a child? I do not believe that any father or mother on the face of this earth has the right to strike a child. I would call it brutal if it were not a libel on the brutes. It seems to me utterly inexcusable, always and everywhere.

You have no right to absorb the life of the child, shape it according to your own fancies and whims. I remember well, when I was a boy, there were sons of fathers who were neighbors of ours who were growing up chafing, irritated, angry. Why? The fathers were dominating them, and making them understand that they were using them as pieces of property which belonged to them. They would not let them have their own way as to training, study, making their own way in life until they were "of age," as they said. Until they were of age, they were the father's property, and were obliged

to work for him. And the result of it was that the minute the time of age came the boys were away, with bitter feelings in their hearts; and never after could they have anything like tender reverence for the old home or pleasant memories of it.

We have no right to shape the children according to our own notions. As we train and fit them for life, it is our highest duty to study the nature and capabilities of each child so far as we can, and so find out the best thing for that child to do. We are to work for the sake of the future success and happiness and welfare of these children.

I have known cases that illustrate what I have in mind in another direction. I remember a family that I knew years ago. There was one daughter in the home; and the father, jealous of anything which might take her away from him, made it practically impossible for her to have friendships among the young men of the city. He wished to keep the daughter for his own self, his own personal selfish pleasure in the home; and he succeeded; and now in his old age, sick,

irritable, uncomfortable, he is leading such a life as will make it a delight to those who stand nearest to him when he goes away; and, when he goes, the daughter, with her youth behind her, will have a lonely life to look forward to. Her life has been absorbed in the home life, her own individuality destroyed, and she made a victim of this pure selfishness on the part of the father.

It is our business, fathers and mothers, just as rapidly as possible, to make ourselves useless. Our highest duty is that,—to train our children, boys and girls both, into such complete individuality of development that they can go alone. We should do it just as rapidly as we can, so that they need be no longer dependent upon us in any way whatsoever.

Does this mean crowding them over the edge of the nest and getting rid of them? It means just the opposite. If you train your son and daughter into this perfect development and independence, surround them by love and care all their lives long, you have bound them to you by such cords

of love and gratitude as nothing on the face of the earth can ever break or separate. If you wish the children to love you, if you wish them to desire to stay with you, do not make the sense of bondage felt: rather give them as fast as possible the perfect sense of freedom.

You owe it, then, as your highest duty to train the boys and girls into as complete individual development as possible, so that they shall be bound to you in no way except by ties of thankfulness and tender memories and loving devotion.

I wish now to turn to another aspect of the theme for a moment, and consider the relation of the child to the parent or what the child owes to father and mother. Unfortunately, under the ruling ideas of the past, in a great many cases the sense of gratitude has been killed out and the children have felt that they owed very little to their parents.

In the first place, let the children remember this,—and all of us in this sense are children, no matter how old we may be nor

where our fathers and mothers at present are,—that they owe to the father and mother the fact and the unspeakable gift of life. I am aware that there are people at this modern time who depreciate this gift. There are books written with the title "Is Life Worth Living?" It is a common phase of contemporary thought to wonder as to whether existence at all is a blessing. I can have no sort of sympathy with this. I will glance at it, with your permission, from two different points of view.

I believe, as you are aware, that life continues right on through the fact of death. If we believe this, it means that we owe to father and mother the unspeakable gift of immortality; and no matter where born or how, so far as that is concerned, if a child's feet are on the lower rung of the ladder which, like that which Jacob saw in a vision, stretches from the earth to the foot of the eternal throne, then through whatever experiences or in the face of whatever difficulties, the child is started on a road that leads to the very highest; and this marvellous,

ineffable gift the child owes to father and mother.

But let us leave the other world for a moment out of account. Concede, if you will, that we have no proof of any other life or even that we have proof that there is none. Then what? Are you sorry that you are here? I am not. I am unspeakably glad and grateful for it. I care not as to how much pain or trouble I have had in the past. You will not alarm me if you picture, in however lurid colors, the trials and troubles that lie ahead of me. That I am here, that I am awake, that I have this marvellous faculty we call consciousness, that I can look at the earth, that I can hear the wind in the trees, that in summer I can listen to the lap of the sea waves on the beach and note the glinting of the light on the waters, that I can look up to the stars at night; that I feel what friendship means, even if it has been false to me sometimes; that I have looked into eyes that have answered me by the look of love; that I have had the delight of holding a

child on my knees; that I have been able to think out, or try to think out, some of the great problems of life, to play my part as a man; that I have had and have this marvellous experience, even if I am only lifted up in the arms of some being that is invisible to me while for a little time I just look at the great show that we call the universe,—for that this minute I am glad, and I am grateful to the father and the mother who bore me.

So it seems to me, whichever way you look at it, that the child may well be grateful to father and mother for the gift of life.

And, then, for the gift of that which makes the glory and beauty and sweetness of life, for the gift of love. There is nothing else in the world that is worth that. I have been accustomed to say that the three greatest words in the dictionary are "love," "friendship," and "help." That I can love, can have friends, and that I can help somebody to make the burden of life a little less, to make the darkness a little less dense, add something to the sweetness and beauty, that

I can help somebody a little — this, next to the facts of love and friendship, is the sweetest and best thing in all the world.

Father and mother, then, whatever else they have done, have surrounded our childhood with an ineffable love. And this love of the mother the poets and the orators of the world have tried in vain to express or to do it justice. They say that the father's love may be worn out. I have known of a few cases where it seemed to me that it was, though I thank God for the glory of humanity that I have known but very few. I have known a father who could send away his boy. I have never known of a mother who would do it, no matter what the boy had done, no matter how worthless he became, no matter what crime he had committed. The mother's love shines upon him with its purity, as the light shines equally upon every object on earth. The sunshine gilds a peak of the Alps, it glorifies the waters and the grasses of the plain, and it does not disdain the refuse of the gutter: it glorifies, beautifies, cleanses all. And so

the love of the mother not only takes pride in the glory and greatness of her boy, but with yearning, beseeching, follows the boy into the slums, into all dishonor, into prison, and would, I believe, follow him to the lowest depths of hell.

And, since God is love, this tireless, eternal mother-love makes the belief in any endless hell a libel; else mothers were better than God. For this love, then, should the children be grateful.

I wish now to touch on another phase of the religious problem of life. The children owe to father and mother reverence. But this can be carried too far, or, at any rate, if not carried too far, it can be misinterpreted. You are aware of the fact, I suppose, that in China the prevailing worship is that of ancestors. They worship the fathers and the mothers; and this has been interpreted in such a way that it has made China the most conservative nation on the face of the earth; it has hindered growth and progress there for two thousand years. This means that the child must slavishly worship as his father and mother worshipped.

And we find instances here in the modern world of fathers and mothers who treat it as lack of reverence and piety on the part of their children if they propose to take one step of progress or growth beyond the point where they have become weary and have stopped.

A young lady came to me to converse on the subject of religion not a great while ago. Her father had been trained an Episcopalian: her mother was dead. Her father had ceased to care for religion one way or another. He simply had prejudices and inherited conservatism enough not to wish his daughter to learn anything new. So he said when he found her inclined to attend a Unitarian church, "Is not your mother's religion good enough for you?" The mother's religion, it seemed, had been too good for him. At any rate, he had not been practising it.

If Abraham's mother's religion had been good enough for him, we should have had no magnificent Jewish history. If Jesus' mother's religion had been good enough for

him, we should have had no Christianity. If Luther's mother's religion had been good enough for him, we should have had no Protestantism. If Channing's mother's religion had been good enough for him, we should have had no Unitarianism.

So reverence and honor father and mother, not by parrot-like repeating over forever what they have said or staying forever where their weary feet have stopped. We honor and reverence them by doing what they would do if in their spirit of love and devotion they had our opportunities and were living in our places to-day. Else the world could have no growth, and humanity no magnificent future to which to look forward.

The children, then, should reverence father and mother, but honor them by outgrowing the actual life which they lived, while tenderly loving and reverencing the spirit and temper which they showed.

There is nothing sweeter in all the world, it seems to me, than an old father or an old mother living in the soft sunshine of life's

afternoon, surrounded by sons and daughters, either in their home or near by where they can keep up these tender and pleasant associations. The father is training the children until they are living their own lives; but they look back and up with gratitude to the father and mother for it all, recognizing how much they owe to them. The father is proud of the wisdom and greater success of his son. He defers to him and looks to him for advice and counsel; and they mutually talk over life's affairs together, having established a sort of brotherhood, of comradeship, that takes little account of the difference in years. And so, lovingly reverencing the past and trustfully looking forward to the future, they go on together.

By and by the father passes into the Unseen, the mother passes into the Unseen; but the children do not believe that they have passed out of existence. They hope that the home is simply transferred over there; and they know that they must follow the father and mother, and get old

and weak, and by and by also lay down their burdens and pass out into the Unseen. It is beautiful, it seems to me, when we look forward to that other home, and trust that those who have gone there are preparing a place for us.

This loving reverence and temper with which the man when he gets along in years remembers father and mother is most beautifully expressed in a poem a few lines of which, at least, I quote. It is Cowper's poem on the receipt of his mother's picture. Cowper, as you know, was all his life an invalid, oppressed and burdened, sometimes close on the borders of insanity, melancholy, so that his outlook on life was never specially cheerful; but he loved and reverenced the memory of his mother, and it was a life-long inspiration and comfort to him.

"My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son —
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss —
Ah, that maternal smile! it answers — Yes.

I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day ;
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away;
And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu !
But was it such ? It was. Where thou art gone
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown ;
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more."

And then he goes on to speak of himself as tempest-tossed on the sea of life, but ends with the thought of her, and grateful that at least she is at peace : —

" Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-tossed,
Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and compass lost;
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
Yet O, the thought that thou art safe, and he !
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise —
The son of parents passed into the skies.
And now farewell ! Time, unrevoked, has run
His wonted course ; yet what I wished is done.
By Contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again —

To have renewed the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine;
And while the wings of fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft —
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left."

IV.

HOME AND SOCIETY

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If we were able to trace the evolution of the home from the first beginnings of human life until to-day, we should be thus measuring the entire progress of humanity on earth; for the modern home is the summing up and the expression of all the best things that the world has so far been able to attain and to become. And at any point along this pathway of advance, if we could look into a home, we should find where man was standing, how far he had advanced.

Of course, the first homes were hardly more than dens or lairs. They were the expression of animal thoughts and animal needs. They were natural caves or some rudely constructed shelter, or they were cavities dug out in the sides of cliffs or river-banks. Homes like these may be found in certain parts of the world to-day,

and even in those countries which, in a general way, are very largely advanced in civilization.

I saw homes of this sort two years ago on the banks of the Loire, in the neighborhood of the city of Tours in France. They were intended, of course, merely as protection against the weather, places in which to eat or sleep, as a defence against wild beasts or hostile men. They answered these rude purposes for rude people, living in rude times.

But, as man has advanced, step by step the home has kept pace with him; and he has put into it all the best things which he has been able to gain. So that a modern home to-day means — what? There is beauty of architecture, if one has some æsthetic taste, and if one has the financial ability to give expression to his desires. Then within the home there is that intangible atmosphere of what we call refinement, culture, the things which we feel, the things which express themselves in ways that cannot be adequately or intellectually described.

There are books that sum up the finest things that the world has gained in the way of literature; there are pictures on the walls, representing the advance of humanity in art; there are bits of sculpture, showing what man has been able to do in this direction. The science of the world is here in the library; and, as the result of that, as man looks out of his windows at night and gazes upon the stars, he looks upon a universe which has been discovered and explored, concerning which his far-off ancestors knew absolutely nothing.

Then music has come also to express those emotions which cannot be put into speech. There is on every hand the manifestation of the moral advance,—love and tenderness and pity,—and all those things which lift men up into kinship with the Divine. All the finest and best things that man has been able to attain are reflected in some way in his home: it sums up and expresses all that he has become.

There is one feature of the ideal home, just at present, in our great cities, and in

a very marked degree here in New York, that most of us are obliged to miss. If we were born in the country, or no matter where, if we were fortunate enough in our childhood to live for a good many years in some one house, so that, when we speak of the old home, associations of place are indicated by that speech, then, indeed, we have been very fortunate.

I do not know but that certain superficial appearances may deceive one, and lead him to exaggerate the condition of things as it really exists; but it seems as though almost everybody in New York was on the move. How many of us are there, who have memories stretching over a period of years touching a home in any one particular place,—some one house, some one street, some one square?

I suppose this is inevitable in any growing town; and perhaps in the next few years it is to be worse rather than better in our great city. The late Colonel Waring made a prophecy, which some of you probably remember, to the effect that during this

present century the entire island of Manhattan would be given up to business, and nobody would live here any more. This was his forecast as to what is coming.

But, when we get through with this process, we shall settle somewhere, and there will be centres of thought and life and feeling, so that we can have these old-time associations established, or our children can; and they will be more fortunate in that regard than we.

The *Evening Post* recently had a most admirable editorial, entitled "A City in Flux," in which it dealt at length with some phases of this problem, showing that we have no academic, no musical, no scientific neighborhoods or centres, and cannot have until the city is expanded and has gotten its growth, after a certain fashion, and we are settled down somewhere.

These make up the ideal home,— the house, the furnishings, the manifestations of all that humanity has attained, the touch of the wife and mother and daughter, the atmosphere, the love, the tenderness,— the

place where we can go and refresh ourselves.

But now, if we have attained a home like this, have we a right to settle ourselves down in it and devote ourselves to the occupations that simply concern ourselves and the other inmates of the home? If we had the ideal home, any one of us, with all that money and taste and culture could provide, should we then have a right to live simply the home life, and let the outside world go its own way? No; for, as I have said, we may go home and refresh ourselves, but, when we have done that, we must remember the other half of the world and the principle that "none of us liveth to himself, and none dieth to himself." And there are two or three reasons why the home must be brought into vital, constant contact with society.

In the first place the home is the creation of society; and all that the home is we owe to our fellow-men. There is one reason. Then we are under the highest of all obligations as children of God and moral

beings, standing on the vantage-ground of home, to do everything we can for the world. And in the third place, if we had no more than a selfish reason for it, we are under the necessity, if we wish to preserve the level of our home, to see to it that the social level of the world is kept high; for there is a constant tendency on the part of the individual or any organism, be it small or large, to become adjusted to its environment; and, if that environment is lower, then that means that there is a tendency to sink. If we wish to keep the home high, we must keep the social level high. A ship at sea may indeed be tossed upon the crest of some great wave, but in the long run it will keep the general level of the sea.

Let us note, for the sake of clearness, and as fully as we can, these points that I have touched on. People have an idea that, after they have attained something, it is theirs; and they have a right to do with it as they please. It may be money, culture, health, strength, brains, power, home,

— it may be no matter what,— but people are apt to get an entirely false conception of the extent of their personal ownership over things.

I said that the home is the product of society. We all, whatever we are, whatever we have gained, have received these things from others, from mankind. It is true of our bodily strength and health. The evolution of the highest and finest races, looked at physically, is the result of the struggle and effort of humanity. Our brains, where did we get them? From the far-off beginning our ancestors have been thinking, thinking, thinking; and thinking creates brain cells, just as much as breathing creates lung cells. Our brains as organs of thought are the gift of the attempts on the part of men to think; and so are all the peculiar faculties, qualities, and characteristics of man.

The æsthetic nature, from that dim beginning when first men began to scratch the outlines of figures on the walls of their caves until the last and finest masterpiece of

genius, all our artistic development, is the gift of the effort of men all over the world to express their feeling and sense of the beautiful.

And so in every department of life. All the investigations, all the discoveries, everything that has been given to us and everything which we are, has been created progressively by the efforts of the race; and now we have money with which we can build us a home, and fill it with all the most beautiful things, all the most useful things, which the world has invented.

Is the money ours? The conditions of modern civilization that make it possible for us to earn, to invest, to keep our money, are the results of the age-long experiment and struggle and effort of the race. So that whatever enters into the home to make it the place where we may go and refresh ourselves, where we may find rest and peace and joy and the satisfaction of all our tastes and longings,— whatever enters into the making of this home, what it is has been conferred upon us by society; so that the

home, if it is true to itself, must stand in vital relations with society, with men and women beyond the walls of the home.

We must then enter into these vital social relations, in order that we may partly pay back the debt which we owe society. And, as I intimated, we are under the highest of all obligations as moral beings not to sit down selfishly and enjoy the fair and beautiful and lovely things which have become ours, but to help others to attain those things which we find so sweet and so dear. No man is half a man who is willing to sit down in utter selfishness in the midst of his own plenty and beauty and joy, and forget the great world which needs these things as much as he.

Let me emphasize it a little further. If we wish to keep the integrity of the home, we must look after the welfare of the world; for, as the world in its strivings has made the home possible, the social conditions around us must either bulwark and defend the home or threaten perpetually its disintegration and decay. Just as for the health

of your children you need to care for the health of your city, as for the culture of your children you need to care for the culture of your city, as for the morals of your children you need to care for the morals of your city, so for the sake of the beauty and perpetuity of your own home life you need to be vitally interested in the homes of your city.

But now in what sense, in what way, and to what extent shall the home and the individuals who make up the home become interested in society? Society means a good many things; and I shall need to define and discriminate a little, in order to make clear the answer to my own question.

In one sense, sociologists speak of all the men and women of the world as making up the organism which we call society. Then, of course, there are the closer organisms of different nationalities or peoples; and so, as you work inward there are ever newer and closer centres of organization and interest. Nobody can be in vital relations with all the other people in the world:

there is not time enough nor strength enough. There are people who attempt to spread out their interest over so wide an area socially that it becomes very superficial, and wears almost a farcical aspect.

There are people in every great city, and in some of them in a more marked degree than others, who attempt to keep up so wide a circle of acquaintance that it practically means nothing except weariness of the flesh. What is the use, for example, of attempting to keep in touch with people to the extent of exchanging cards perhaps once in a season? I have known ladies who started out in their carriage to make the rounds of their calls after this fashion, when the real significance of it was seen in the fact that they leaned back with a sigh of relief when the people they had called on were out. This sort of society means nothing, and is time wasted and thrown away.

'Let us look now for a few moments at the fact that society is divided up into smaller organizations. There are cliques and associations of every kind, and there

must be: it is right that there should be. The only evil about it is — and it is something we need to guard against all the time — that, becoming absorbed in our own little associations, the things we peculiarly care for, we narrow and contract our sympathies, and do not realize the equal importance of other associations in which we can take no active part.

In other words, we are apt to think that our little society is the world, and to look upon others as practically foreigners and outsiders, so that we get out of sympathetic touch with them.

It is said that "birds of a feather flock together"; and this is a principle that has its practical application in society. It is right that it should be so. Society is a mart, a bazaar: it is, if you choose to change the figure, a department store. If we expect anything, we must buy it. There is no reason in the world which I know of, except that of pure benevolence,— and we do not wish to put ourselves on that roll if we can help it,— why people should put themselves

out to entertain, instruct and help us, who are abundantly able to help, instruct, entertain and assist other people, while we do absolutely nothing in return.

I have known people a great many times to go into some gathering, and afterwards say that they found everybody cold; there was no warmth, no welcome; while, as a matter of fact, they simply sat apart by themselves, and waited for somebody to entertain them, forgetting entirely that they were just as much under obligation to entertain somebody else as the somebody else was to look after them.

It is a matter of barter, of give and take; and if there is a certain section of society that we are not in sympathy with, that we have nothing to contribute to, and that has nothing really to contribute to us, then why should we worry about it? Why should we wonder that we are not in it, that we are not invited, not made welcome there? Why should we consider them unduly exclusive if they do not put themselves out of the way to entertain us?

Let me instance a few of the different principles around which these cliques associate themselves. There is in New York,—and the like is true of all great cities,—that which calls itself *par excellence* society. It is made up of the Four Hundred, or, I think, some recent authority has been reducing it to One Hundred and Fifty. Whatever the number may be, I do not mean to say anything against the persons who constitute this interior organization in society. Many of them are noble, intellectually cultivated, charitable, and generous. I have no word to say against them as individuals. But a society that is organized around the idea of wealth alone must of necessity be ignoble and vulgar. There is nothing human, in the highest and finest sense of the word, merely in the possession of wealth; and if these people who meet together and constitute a certain section of society merely because they are rich will excuse me for not wanting to be with them, I will freely pardon them for not asking me. There is nothing there that is in any way attractive to a per-

son who cares for what is essentially high and fine in humanity; and it degenerates sometimes into that which is exceedingly vulgar.

I was at the opera the other night, and I saw one lady — I do not know who she was, though I might have found out by seeking the number of the box on the programme and reading the name — who illustrates what this sort of thing comes to when it degenerates, and gets itself perfect expression. I have never seen anything outside a show-case at Tiffany's that in any way suggested this lady. It was barbaric in the extreme. She had the air of telling everybody that she had not come there to hear the music, but merely to be looked at; and she was loaded and hung all over, in every possible place, with diamonds and gems and jewels of every kind.

Now we can forgive an Indian or a Fiji Islander his anklets and bracelets, or his nose-rings and earrings, because he has not, presumably, been developed to anything higher than these; but the type of society

whose distinguishing feature is that kind of thing certainly is not human in the true sense in which that word ought to be used.

Then there are, of course, social organizations, of which the centre is literary interest of one kind or another. There are those who devote themselves largely, if not exclusively, to musical cultivation and enjoyment. There are scientific societies, clubs and federations that are interesting themselves in civic affairs and social progress. There are those who are given up to the work of reform, trying to heal the wounds of the world, and lead on to a better and finer future.

Now all these are good, they are well in their way; but we none of us have time for them all. What are we going to do about it? There are three ways by which we may connect ourselves with society, or three objects which we may have as those which we are pursuing.

In the first place, we associate with the people for whom we care, for our personal enjoyment. We love the interchange of

thought. There are people in whose very presence simply, even if they do not speak, we find rest and satisfaction. Here is one reason for society.

There is another, self-culture. We connect ourselves with this organization or that for the sake of learning, for study. Still again, we organize to help the world, to cure its evils, to bring in the kingdom of God of which the poets have sung and the seers have dreamed.

Now to what extent and in what way shall we engage ourselves under the inflences of these three different motives? How much have we a right to do? I can merely outline. Let me set up a standard. It seems to me it can be made perfectly plain in principle, though each of us must make the application for himself or herself. We have no right to give ourselves to society to such an extent as to injure the integrity of the home or its real interests, or to injure the highest welfare of our own personality.

For we cannot give unless we have; we cannot lift a weight unless we have made

ourselves strong; we cannot solve an intellectual problem unless we have had opportunity to study and to know; we cannot infect the world with high ethical ideals unless we have taken time to cultivate them in ourselves.

I know women — I have known of them; I have nobody at present in mind in saying this; and I speak of them because they are specially and peculiarly the home-makers — who have given themselves up so unreservedly, so indulgently, to the pleasure side of society that they have little time for the home, for their children, for the husband, for cultivating the highest and finest things in themselves. They exceed the just limits and proportions, perhaps without any intention, by giving themselves so largely to the mere pleasure side of social interests.

For example, I have known women to belong to three or four whist clubs, and spend half of the week, perhaps more, in playing whist. I have nothing to say against whist; but, no matter what the thing may be, it is quite possible for people to expend more

time on it than they have a right to spend, in view of a hundred other things which demand their attention.

There is another peril — connected with our self-culture and learning — to defend ourselves against. There is danger always that the joining of clubs or classes, of Browning, Shakspere, or Tennyson, shall degenerate into a fad, and that people shall delude themselves into the idea that they are getting mental cultivation merely because they are listening to some pleasant lecture on Dante or some other theme.

You may do this to any extent; and if you are simply played upon, if you simply take the passive attitude, do not exert or develop your own faculties, powers, or tastes in any direction, it may become mere dissipation instead of self-culture.

And in another direction, there is a similar danger in the matter of belonging to associations for civic study, for reform matters of any kind whatsoever. There are people, for example,— to illustrate the principle involved,— who will read a novel

and be tremendously stirred over the sorrows and woes that are depicted, while the whole sympathetic nature expresses itself and runs to waste in this outpouring of feeling. They are not cultivated into helpers by the process: rather the impulse that ought to be given to help the world is expended merely in this luxury of feeling. For, curiously enough, there are people who enjoy being sad, enjoy weeping over a book or a play quite as much as others enjoy laughter or song.

So you may become a member of a civic club or some reform association that has for its purpose the uplifting of society, and it may come to nothing. It may even stand in the way of your really doing something for your fellow-men.

The same thing is true in religious matters; and I speak of it here only to illustrate what I mean. There are people who go through religious forms and ceremonies, having their emotions touched and played upon, who really think that they are engaged in religious exercises, who never do a religious

thing. And so it is possible for people to become interested in the theoretical, the emotional side of helping the world, and yet all their powers and emotions be spent in this way while they really do nothing to help mankind.

We must touch the world, then, in these three ways: enter into relations with our fellow-men for the sake of the pleasure, the satisfaction, the restfulness that they may bring to us; enter into relations with our fellow-men for the sake of study, of learning, of widening our outlook; enter into relations with our fellow-men for the sake of learning the world's need, and doing what we can to make the world better.

There are a great many homes where the burden of the home-making and home-caring are such as to leave little time for these outside associations. I believe that in the process of the evolution of the home towards its ideal there is to be ever more and more opportunity in this direction. It is the man who furnishes the means for the making of the home; but it is the woman who makes

it. The man has little time for home life; and the woman,— a great many of them are tied too much to the home, so that they have little time for the outside and wider life of the world.

I believe that reforms will come, as the years go by, touching the relations of men to the home and society, and touching the relations, also, of the home-maker, the mother. Men ought to learn — they will by and by — that all life does not consist in making money or in business. When we get really civilized and adjusted to the true ideas of home life, we shall know that money is merely the raw material, and that it is to be turned into ideal homes, ideal social conditions, and that the man must leave himself free for home life and social life both, if he is going to be a man.

And the women will become freer from the home drudgery, as time goes by, and be able to enter into the larger and wider life of the times.

In the savage man's home everything they had or cared for was made,— the weapons,

utensils, clothing, such as it was, the laundry work, the cooking, everything,— all done in the home. We are gradually, through the process of the division of labor, freeing the home from these encumbrances. You can remember, those of you who are somewhat along in years, times and places in the country, where the home was not only what we mean by home, but where it was the shop and factory for the family as well. I can remember seeing women not only engaged in cooking, sweeping, looking after the condition of the house, not only engaged in the laundry work, but engaged in carding, in spinning, in weaving, and in making up the cloth thus produced into garments for both the boys and the girls.

We are leaving most of those things behind us: the tailor work is all done outside of the home; most of the dressmaking is done outside of the home; the laundry work is done outside of the home; and I believe that, when we get a little more civilized, the cooking, too, will be done outside of the home. There is really no reason in the nature of

things why this should be considered a function of the home any more than the laundry work or tailoring or any other department that used to be attached to it in the past.

There may be great groups of houses: the meals can be served in the same central dining-room or in the apartments equally well, if it is desired. This is a problem perfectly easy of solution and which will come by and by; and then the wife and mother will be free to give herself to those higher, finer, sweeter, better things,—the moral, mental, spiritual cultivation of herself and her home and of the world. She will be able to make the home the real centre for that which is essentially human; and from this point of vantage she will be able to reach out and become a blessing in every department of human life.

I have no fears that women will become less womanly, mothers less motherly, because they study and become wiser, because they get into personal contact with interests beyond the range of the house. It is not these people who are in danger of neglecting the home. It is the selfish, the self-indulgent,

those who do not appreciate what the home means, those who care more for personal comfort and luxury than they do for the children. Such always have neglected the home; and they always will. The only hope is that they will become educated out of these mental and moral and spiritual conditions of character.

But the women will remain women. Nature will take care of that; and love and the home-making will always be the highest and deepest things in the woman's nature and the woman's life. And, if you set her hands free and her brains free, I believe it will result in her becoming more typically and nobly womanly; and she will help on so the idealizing of the home and the idealizing of society as well.

For, at the close, let me say there is no antagonism between these claims. The acme of the world's civilization will be attained when you find a perfect home; but that will be when you have a perfect society surrounding it and matching it. There is no antagonism between the two. If one self-

ishly withdraws himself from social contact, he makes himself less a man, the woman makes herself less a woman, and, therefore, the home, which is the product of these natures, will be of necessity something less than ideal.

We need to make ourselves the highest and finest we can. But what are the highest and finest things in men and women? They are love, sympathy, pity, readiness to help, wisdom,—all these things which link us with God, and make us divine; and we can cultivate and develop these only as we get into relations with our fellow-men, where there is field and opportunity and incitement to their exercise. So we can become the finest individuals only as we become helpful in our relations to other people. The two go together. There is no contradiction, no possible antagonism.

The ideal, then, is the perfect home in a perfect society; and, in order to attain this, we must make ourselves the most, the highest, the best we can, and then give ourselves freely to the world.

V.

THE ETHICS OF DIVORCE

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If divorce is never to be granted for any reason, it must be because of one of three things. The claim may be made that God has absolutely forbidden it. In the next place, it may be asserted that it is always injurious to the parties chiefly concerned. Once again, a person may hold that it is so injurious to other people that the husband and wife must put up with anything rather than be the means of injuring society.

If, I say, divorce is never to be allowed, it must be for one of these three reasons. These reasons, then, let us, with a little care, investigate.

Has God said anything to the world on the subject? Those who believe that the words of the Bible are all of them inspired and infallible have a ready answer to this question. To them God has spoken, and

spoken with authority. But let us assume now for a moment that the words of the New Testament and of the whole Bible are literally God's words. Let us see, then, where we are.

Jesus is asked by the Pharisees the question as to whether or no he indorses the position that Moses took in regard to divorce. Now I wish you to note very carefully that there is no clear, undoubted New Testament report as to the position which Jesus held on the subject.

In the Gospel according to Matthew he is reported as saying that there is only one reason allowable for breaking the marriage bond: that reason is the unfaithfulness of the wife. It is worth your while to note that he does not say anything about the unfaithfulness of the husband as being a possible cause. This is the record as it stands in Matthew.

Mark and Luke have parallel passages where they are supposed to report what Jesus said to the Pharisees, probably on this same occasion. Neither of these Gos-

pels makes any exception whatsoever. If we had them only, we should say that Jesus had taught that divorce was not permissible for any cause whatsoever. The point I wish you to note is that the "inspired" authorities do not agree. What, then, shall we say? Even if we are ready to admit that the word of Jesus is the final authority in this matter for all time, it is manifestly impossible for us to find out with certainty what the saying of Jesus was. Matthew reports it as one thing, Mark and Luke report it as something else.

Now that this is not the opinion of a Unitarian only, let me give you the practical interpretation of the different branches of the great Church Universal. What is their attitude on this subject? The Church of Rome forbids divorce for any reason whatsoever. It, then, disregards what Jesus is reported to have said in Matthew, takes no account of it, although it is perfectly plain.

In other words, there is no way of knowing, so far as the accuracy of the testimony is concerned, as to which of these reporters

is correct. The Church of Rome, however, has assumed to decide, and goes with Mark and Luke, disregarding the record of Matthew, although the same Church would claim that all of these authorities are — equally and everywhere — infallible.

What is the position of other churches? The Anglican holds with Matthew, and allows divorce only for the unfaithfulness of the wife. It gives the wife no redress or release in case of the unfaithfulness of the husband.

The Protestant Methodist Episcopal churches and the Presbyterian churches approve of divorce, for two causes,— unfaithfulness and desertion. Here, you see, they practically declare that there is no New Testament final authority on the subject; for they do not side either with Mark or Matthew or Luke in the matter.

The Greek Church, one of the greatest in the world, and the Lutheran churches — following the traditions of the Great Reformer — approve of divorce for a good many different reasons. The Baptist and

the Congregational churches of the country hold substantially the same position. The Episcopal Church has long discussed the question, but has as yet come to no final decision.

You see, then, that it is perfectly clear that the great churches of Christendom are not at one as to the interpretation of Jesus' reported sayings in the New Testament, and practically admit that it is impossible for us to find there any clear recorded law which is to be binding upon the Christian world through all time.

What are we to say, then? Is it not clear that there is no definite, decisive statement in the Bible on the subject? And, if we do not find it there, are we not justified in saying that God has not legislated in regard to this matter except so far as we are able to discover His laws in the unfolding evolution of human society, and those conditions on which, as the result of experience, we find that human welfare depends?

It seems to me that we must rationally come to this conclusion,— that there is no

divine authority touching this matter which is binding on the world, except as we find that authority in human experience.

Before passing from this point, let me suggest one other idea, which seems to me at any rate, to throw very important light on this subject. Paul teaches substantially that which comes to us from the Gospels. He holds that it is better for people not to get married at all, but, if they are married, that they had better not disturb existing relations. He says, if an unbelieving wife leaves her husband, why, let her go; but she must not get married again, and the husband had better not.

But why does Paul take this position? He has been supposed to be in favor of human slavery because he said a slave should be sent back to his master. Paul believed with his whole soul that the end of the world was coming within twenty-five years, perhaps ten, perhaps any moment; nobody knew when it was coming. His teaching was that people were to be ready for it; and these teachings are all colored by that considera-

tion. Why, then, should one be troubled? He says the person who marries a wife is concerned in taking care of her. He cannot devote himself to the welfare of the world and preparation for the second coming, so he had better not get married. He says all of these matters are of subordinate importance. Whether you are slave or free, rich or poor, married or unmarried,— none of these things matter. Labor and plan, and be ready for the imminent coming of the kingdom, and leave all these things one side. That is Paul's attitude.

If Jesus is correctly reported, he teaches the same doctrine. He says that the end is coming "before this generation passes away." There is nothing in the entire New Testament taught with more utter clearness than that. It seems to me, then, that we have no right to think of Jesus as consciously legislating for a condition of things which was to exist two thousand years after his time. He apparently did not anticipate any such future history as has actually come to be.

Glance for an instant, as throwing still further light on the subject, at the evolution of human marriage. In the first instance, the man captured or bought his wife. She was his property. He could put her to death if he pleased, and nobody could raise a question. He could beat or abuse her to any extent, and not exceed his right. If she did not please him for any cause, he could put her away.

Up to the time of Jesus, all that a man had to do was to give his wife a writing of divorcement. In other words, she was not to be literally driven out of his house with nothing to show for it. This was the condition of things when the question was put to Jesus; and, as I said a moment ago, the question had never been raised, apparently, as to whether or not the wife had a right to give her husband a writing of divorcement and put him away. She had no right whatever in the matter. The thought of the wife as divorcing the husband apparently was undreamed of.

This was the condition of things then;

and it was in the light of this condition that Jesus spoke. It seems to me, therefore, as clear as anything can be that we are perfectly free to look at and discuss this question in the light of reason and human experience, and try to decide as to what is best for the individuals concerned and for human society.

Now let us consider the second point. I said that, if divorce was never to be granted, it must be either because God had forbidden it or because it was always an injury to the parties concerned.

Is it always an injury to the husband and the wife? It would be necessary perhaps for me to know in detail all the cases that have ever existed, and sum up the conclusions resulting from such a knowledge, in order accurately to answer this question. It seems to me, however, that the asking it is its own answer. There are cases where it is apparently perfectly plain that it is for the advantage of the husband or the wife or both that they separate. There are other cases where it is an undoubted injury.

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where divorces are so easily obtained, where so many have been obtained, as in the United States of America; and there is no place in the world where women stand so high, where they are so generally respected, granted so many liberties and rights, no place where they are so free to seek the highest and best things, where they are surrounded by so much care, by such courtesy, such sympathy, such respect. America is the Paradise of women; and we are not ready to concede that they are worse off or that the general average of morals is lower in America than in any other part of the world.

We are, then, perfectly free to study this problem in the light of reason and human experience, and to determine in each individual case as to what is right to be done and what is wrong.

What are the reasons for so many divorces being granted in America as against the other parts of the world? Of course, when we take the Catholic countries of Europe, the answer is plain. The Church, the Catholic Church, forbids the sundering of the marriage tie for

any reason whatever. Of course, that accounts for there being so few divorces in the great countries where the Church for hundreds of years has been supreme.

But to ask the question, Is there less immorality in Spain, in Italy, in France, in the countries where the Church is dominant? — to ask the question is to answer it. Nobody believes that the average level of morality is higher in those lands than it is here. The great cause why there are so many more divorces in this country than in any other is that here, for the first time in history, women are granted freedom to throw off a thousand intolerable burdens under which they have been borne down and crushed from the beginning of the world. I believe that, if a careful investigation were made, we should find that a large proportion of the divorces granted in this country mean kindliness and consideration towards women, readiness on the part of the manhood of America to deliver her from crushing burdens, to set her free, to give her an opportunity to retrieve a so-far wasted life.

As bearing on this point let me give you in outline, and by way of hint, just a few statistics. Statistics are not very reliable in these matters, so far as they have been gathered; and it is immensely difficult to get those that would be trustworthy.

More than eighty per cent. of all the divorces granted in the last few years in this country have been for one of five causes. Somewhere in the neighborhood of twenty per cent. have been for unfaithfulness on the part of either husband or wife, probably in the large majority of cases on the part of the husband. Somewhere in the neighborhood of fifteen per cent. have been for cruelty. As you can readily see, probably nearly all of these have been for the relief of the wife.

Almost twice as many as for any other cause, or nearly forty per cent., have been granted for desertion; and undoubtedly the great majority of these have been for the relief of the wives. Only about four per cent., I am glad to say, a little over four per cent., have been granted for drunkenness; a little over two per cent. only for failure to support.

As I said, statistics are not very reliable; but probably in a good many cases — I do not know how many — the real cause, through shame, has been covered up, while the husband and wife have agreed on some technical reason that would not make so much of a figure in the public press; but it seems to me that we may draw the reasonable conclusion that a great majority of these cases mean tenderness and care for the wife, a deliverance for her from a burden too heavy any longer to be borne.

Does it seem that it is best always to hold wives in conditions which we know they have been forcibly thrust down into? A distinguished Methodist doctor of divinity, discussing this subject not long ago, raised a question like this. You see that he did not think the New Testament had settled the matter. He said, Suppose a man marries a wife and the next day or within a week — and cases of this kind are known — deserts her, and she does not know where he is or when he is ever to return. Is she to be kept by the power of the law tied all

the rest of her life to the memory of a man like that? Is she to have no life of her own? Never a home, never the clinging arms of children about her neck, never — the dearest music in all the world — their cooing voices in her ear? Dare any one to say that such is a case of what God hath joined together, and that man must never sunder?

I believe with my whole soul that what God hath joined together man has no right to put asunder. I believe more than that: I believe that in the cases where God has joined them together no man *can* put them asunder. No man ever does, or ever can, or ever will. Cases like that will take care of themselves. I have too much respect for God to feel willing to hold Him responsible for all the marriages that have taken place since the beginning of the world. I believe that we have a right to turn that saying right around. Where God has put people asunder, no man has a right to force them to stay together.

Take cases that have occurred during the

last year down on the East Side, with some of those infamous and unspeakable "cadets," who have married a poor, ignorant girl and then thrust her into a house of ill-fame or pushed her on to the street, living on the wages of her degradation. Is that a marriage where God hath joined people together, that no man should ever sunder? These are extreme cases, but there are thousands of others, for one reason or another, nearly if not quite as intolerable as these. There are cases that are utterly intolerable that make no noise beyond the voiceless walls of the houses that shut them in. There are cruelties unbearable that do not vent themselves in blows. There are gulfs of separation between hearts and minds and bodies that the husband and the wife have found they can never cross, though they may be invisible to the outside world.

Now when shall we grant divorce? In the chapter on "Love and Marriage" I said that the State does not create the marriage and that the Church does not create the marriage. The real marriage is made by the

man and the woman. The State only recognizes the fact and protects the interests involved.

Now where for any cause this real marriage does not exist, and there is no hope of its coming into existence, I, for one, fail to see any reason for maintaining that which is unreal and a sham.

The matter is very simple in a case like this; but I must go a little into detail to make myself clear. If the husband and wife have both ceased to love each other, and there are no children, then it ought to be simple and easy, and they should be permitted to separate. But let us take another step, and see how the matter becomes complicated. There are cases where the husband has ceased to love his wife or the wife has utterly ceased to love her husband, while the love of the other party remains, and where there would be heartbreak and grief in discovering the actual condition of things.

What should we do then? You may not agree with me. I would do this: I say that if a man finds out that he has ceased to love

his wife, and she still loves him, and her happiness depends on this love, he must remember this: that years ago, when she was to him a little girl, he entered into a solemn contract to guard and keep her happiness and her love; and, so long as her happiness depends on him, he is bound by that, before his own honor and high heaven. He has no right, merely because he thinks he can improve his own condition, to wreck hers. Her happiness is of quite as much importance to the universe as his, and perhaps a little more.

And a similar thing is true, if we reverse the case. Selfishness has no right to come in here, and wreck the happiness of the other party for its own sake.

Take another step. Suppose there are children; suppose that the husband and wife have both lost their love each for the other. What then? If the children's welfare would be subserved by their maintaining a home, then they are under the highest kind of obligation to maintain that home. They have brought those children here by

their own volition, without their having asked to come; and it is their highest duty to see to it that the welfare of the children is subserved and guarded in every conceivable way. Merely to please their own passions or humor their own whims, they have no right to sacrifice the welfare and training of the children.

But there are cases where the conditions of the home have become so intolerable that it is better for the children to be out of it, to be out from under that kind of influence. In a case like that I believe that separation should take place and the children put in the guardianship of the one who can best care for them.

You see that this is not an easy, simple problem. It is an immensely difficult one; and each particular case must be studied by itself, and decided in the light of the facts and what seem the probabilities of the best outcome.

The ideal, undoubtedly, is one husband and one wife and one home through all the years. Blessed is that man who has had but

the one wife, the one image to remember, reaching back to girlhood, on through maturity to advanced life, the mother of his children, and the one that he will dream of after she has passed out, if she precedes him into the shadow.

Blessed is the wife who has had but one husband, if so be he is one whom she can love and honor and reverence, remembering only him at her side through all the years, a love unbroken, and, if he precedes her, looking forward to finding him again. This is the ideal, but like all ideals only now and then realized; though I believe that these ideals are realized more frequently than we are apt to think when we look superficially over society. If there are only a few absolutely perfect homes, let us remember that there are not many things of any kind which are perfect in this world.

I believe that society in this matter of marriage and of the home is better and sweeter and healthier than it gets credit for. As I have said on more than one occasion,—from the point of view of the newspapers,—

behaving one's self is never news and never gets published. It is the case of divorce, something that can be exploited and turned into a sensation, that gets published and appears on our breakfast tables; while thousands and thousands of people living quietly in their homes never attract the attention of the reporter.

The ideal, as I said, is one husband, one wife, one home. And we say that the home is the unit of the social order,— not the individual, but the home. I grant it: the home is the corner-stone of government, the support which underlies and holds up the building. But, when you are going through some part of the city and see a lot of piles being driven or that have been driven, you say they are to support the structure. Yes; but, if one of them happens to be defective or rotten at the heart, it is not a safe support, and the quicker you remove it and replace it by a sound one the better.

The home is the foundation of society; but rotten, unhappy, disintegrated homes

are not safe and secure foundations. I believe that these, after careful investigation, should be removed out of the way, and their places taken by the homes that are happy and clean and sweet and true.

Free divorce is not favored. Easy divorce is not favored. If a husband and wife are discontented for the time being, I am not in favor of their having their bonds sundered. I would make divorce difficult. And why? I would make it so difficult that people would not be able to say, "We will get married; for, if it does not turn out well, we need not stay married." I would have divorce difficult enough to discourage that kind of calculation.

The State is a party to this contract, and has its rights. It has no right, I think, to keep people together who ought to be separated; but it has a right to feel sure that they ought to be separated before it allows them to sunder this bond.

I would compel people to take at least one year in the process of divorce. They should not be able to get through it in a

month or three months or six. Perhaps by the time a year was ended, they might have time to think it over and reconsider their intention.

I would not allow them to remarry the next day or the next week. I would have some time elapse before they should be allowed to marry again. I would discourage those who have simply taken a fancy for somebody else, and wish to get a divorce merely that they may immediately remarry. There may be special and sufficient reasons for an immediate re-marriage in some cases. These the proper authorities ought to be able to take into account.

I would make it a little more difficult for people to get married in the first place. I do not mean by that that I would stand in the way of marriages. I mean simply that people should be compelled to take a little time and think before they enter into such serious relations with each other.

How is it in New York? I do not like New York law. If two people happen to meet on the street and think they want to be

married, they need not wait. They do not need to go to an officer of the law even, except as a clergyman is an officer of the law. They can go to any minister, and get married in an hour after they have taken the fancy, if they will. I believe that the entrance to this sacred relationship should be guarded a little more carefully than that. I do not mean that I would make marriage legally difficult. I do think, however, that time enough should be allowed so that this sacred step should not be taken on sudden impulse, or as the result of passing fancy.

Seek, then, the ideal home: seek it along every path. If it be necessary, in order to establish an ideal home, to wipe out of existence one that is not ideal, then let it be abolished. The ideal home is the end and aim; and I think that never so many existed since the world began as exist to-day, and that the growth and progress of civilization is ever more and more toward that shining goal.

VI.

THE GROWING INDEPENDENCE OF WOMEN

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THE idea has been that man is the centre of things, and that woman revolves about him as a sort of satellite. It is a noble ideal in the main that is expressed in the words in Genesis, "Let us make a help meet for him"; and yet it implies what has been the belief of the ages, the inferiority, the subordinate, the dependent position of women.

"Let us make a help meet for him," because it is not good that the man should be alone. Man was created first, according to this ideal; and then, when on trial it was discovered that he did not get along satisfactorily, a companion is made for him. She is not, however, declared to be what she has been during so large a period of human history, a plaything or a slave. She is a help meet for him, fitted for him, made to match

him, to mate him in every way, we are to understand. This is the ideal of the unknown writer of this second chapter of the Book of Genesis.

This is a nobler and higher ideal, it seems to me, than we find in certain other parts of the Bible. The coming woman, the free, independent woman, the woman who desires to be educated, to attend high schools and universities, the woman who wishes to belong to clubs, to attend lectures on all sorts of subjects, to enter into the professions, to compete with men in their ordinary businesses and occupations,— the kind of woman whom we see to-day on every hand,— is looked upon by the conservative with suspicion, with question, in many cases with alarm.

I propose to ask you to look over the field with me so far as we may, and see what the meaning of this is, as to whether this restlessness means the disturbance which precedes an earthquake, or whether it is the restlessness of the stirring sap in the roots and the trunks of the trees that indicates the growth of a fairer spring.

In order that we may understand just where we are, and take note of the tendency of the forces at work at the present time, let us go back for a little, and glance over the condition that women have been in throughout a large part of the past. I ask you to note this in regard to several different phases of human life.

And, first, as to the government of the world. Have women had anything to do with this in the past? Have they had any power to shape the world's political ideas? Have they had any power to make laws for themselves, to determine their own status, to create for themselves opportunity?

To ask this question is to answer it, and to answer it in the negative. Throughout almost the entire history of the world up to the present time, whatever woman may have been in any other direction, she has been a political nonentity. Of course there have been a few distinguished exceptions to this, marked and attractive because they are exceptions. In ancient Athens we find a woman like Aspasia, who had the most de-

cisive and marked influence, so tradition says, upon the character, the actions, and the ideals of Pericles, who was master of the city; and so indirectly she touched and helped shape the life of this centre of the ancient civilization of the world; and we are told that her influence was entirely noble, wise, and for the public good.

There are traditions of women who occupied positions of importance and power for a time in the ancient life of the Hebrews; and they showed, very much as men have shown, that they could be good and that they could be bad, that they could help the world and that they could hurt it, so far as they had the power.

Now and then, of course, women have been rulers. There are a few countries whose traditions permit this, in the persons of women, like the late Queen Victoria of England, who has left a record second to that, perhaps, of no man who ever sat on a throne. Whether she had distinguished mental ability or not, she did have some power that called about her the wisest and

the best men of the age; and we know that there were two or three critical instances in the relations between England and this country when the queen cast all her influence in favor of peace, of truth, of righteousness, of humanity,—when she was wiser and better than her ministers.

Now and then there have been cases like this in the history of the past; but more frequently, when women have exercised political influence at all, it has been secret, in the shape of intrigue; it has been exerted in the dark; it has been a matter of spite, of prejudice, of jealousy, of anger; it has been in every way mischievous.

Take, for example, the case of the Borgia women in the history of Italy. Look at Catherine de' Medicis, the mother of Charles IX., whom we remember chiefly on account of the infamy of the Saint Bartholomew. Women's influence has been mighty. It has set up thrones and pulled them down; but, generally, it has been exerted in the dark, a cabinet power, without publicity, and that could not be reckoned with; and

this, of necessity, because women have been allowed to exercise their influence as a general thing in no other way, so far as it touched public affairs.

What has been the relation existing between women and the religions of the past? Here, again, woman has had no place, no power. Now and then some feminine ideal has been lifted to the skies and worshipped; but it has more frequently represented the corruption of the human heart than it has divine aspirations and the higher hopes. Woman has had no power in shaping religion. Most of the gods have been masculine. The God of Christendom has always been "Father," until some brave, tender, noble souls, like Theodore Parker, have dared to stand in the presence of their congregations and pray "Our Father and our Mother, God."

Women have had little part in making religion. Sometimes it has been taught that they had no souls. In some places of worship they have been allowed to be present, but behind a grating or a screen,

looking on at that in which they could have no part.

What has been the position of women in the family? In almost no case in the history of the world, up to the present time, has woman been regarded — in any official fashion, I mean — as the mate and equal of the husband. She has been his subordinate, his dependent, his satellite; she has been his plaything; she has been his slave; she has been his drudge. He has hunted her and captured her, as though she were a beast of prey; he has bought her, as though she were a piece of property; he has bargained for her, in order that he might carry out some plan for the separation or the cementing of estates. She has been a pawn to be moved here or there according as the players have felt that it was in the interest of the game.

What has been her position in regard to education? In most cases in the past the idea of educating women has been practically unheard of. The thought that she had a right to claim that her mind could be trained, and ought to be trained, is almost entirely

modern. Having no soul, as has sometimes been said in religions, it has been assumed, also, that she had no intellect that was worthy of notice. It has never occurred to people that she had any place in the professions, that she had any right or ability to enter into the occupations of her father, husband, brother.

As late as Jane Austen, the famous novelist, whom the authorities at Harvard tell us is the greatest woman novelist of the world, she was obliged to hide away the fact that she was so unconventional as to dare to write a novel. Her friends would have been ashamed of it; and she herself did not dare to let them know.

On the part of noble families it has been regarded as it would be if one of the sons should take up some form of trade or learn a profession or become an artist or a musician, to have the daughter do anything of this kind. People in the past have admired artists and musicians, but they have considered them social inferiors; and so a woman who dared to be so unconventional as to write

a book must conceal it, as though she had committed an indiscretion.

I have already indicated by implication what the position of women has been in regard to the occupations of the world. What has woman been allowed to do? We know that among barbarians and savages she has been the drudge. An Indian chief would tell you that it was manly to fight, to hunt; but it was not manly to engage in any other occupation. The women, the squaws, must do the work. It was fitting for them, but not for a brave. Women, then, have had no place in the occupations of the world.

How modern is this? May I tell you my own memory on the subject? When I was a boy, if my recollection is accurate, a woman of course could do the drudgery of the house: she might be a tailor and make clothes for men; she might be a seamstress, and do the sewing for the household; she might, though without any special training for it, go out as a nurse; she might sell her labor as a servant in the household; and she might teach school in summer, when only the small children

were expected to attend; she might look after primary departments of education. I do not remember now of ever hearing of woman as doing anything other than these things, or as having any recognized place in the work of the world; and her wages were of course very much inferior to the wages of men.

Such has been the position that women have occupied in the past. But a change is coming over the face of the world. There is a tremendous expansion of modern ideas and modern life in every direction. The universe has grown larger. Only a few hundred years ago it was about the size of the orbit of the moon, perhaps not so large as that. To-day our little sun, with its tiny system around it, is recognized as one of the smallest among, perhaps, a hundred million suns. The universe is now the home of man, and not the little playhouse system of the ancient world. With discovery and invention in every direction, the mind of man has grown; and the life of man has reached out and expanded.

Is it to be expected that women will not

be touched or influenced by these forces that are at work in the modern world? Is it possible to keep her from caring, thinking, feeling, asking questions, wanting to have any part in this altered life of man?

Let us note, for the sake of finding out what has happened since the old days, some of these phases of human life that we have just been looking over. Take it in regard to government. Women are claiming the right to share governmental powers with men; and, step by step, they are gaining the recognition that they desire. There are cities where women vote, at least for members of the School Board. They hold office on these School Boards. There are a few places where there have been women mayors. There are States where women have a right to vote for whatever men vote for. They are running for office. They are securing election to these offices. They are putting in the claim, at any rate, that, instead of indirectly influencing the political life of the world, they propose to take their place and share this political life.

I am not now arguing as to its being wise or best, as to being in favor of it or against it, as to whether, if they want it, we propose to antagonize them, or as to whether we care to antagonize them or not. These considerations are set one side for the moment. I am merely noting the fact that women are claiming the right to take part in the government of the country, to do it openly, freely, to be recognized as powers, influences, and not merely stand behind in the shadow, and, as the result of prejudice and intrigue, to try to control the tendency and the trend of affairs.

And women are taking a different position in religion from that which they used to occupy. We are being told on every hand that women to-day are the strength of the churches. If they are the support of the churches, do you wonder that now and then they wish to be on the board of management? It is a common thing now for women to be members of boards of managers: it is a very common thing for them to be superintendents of Sunday-

schools. They have been the best teachers in these schools, of course, for years; but here and there they are making their way into the pulpits. In spite of the warnings of the New Testament, they are becoming teachers of men.

How modern this is! I think I am historically correct when I say that the first woman who was ever ordained to the ministry in this country, being then in the Congregational Orthodox Church, is now one of the most honored, most highly reverenced, and best beloved members of the Church of the Messiah. I refer of course to the Rev. Antoinette Brown Blackwell. I speak of this, not for the sake of making her name prominent, but for the sake of making clear how very recent is this invasion of religious teaching on the part of women. I shall have occasion to treat of the advisability of this a little later.

What to-day is the position of women in the family? Woman used to be completely in the power of the husband. In the old days he could put her to death if he pleased; and

nobody could call it in question. He could beat or abuse her to any extent. He could send her out of his home. He could take into that home, in spite of her wishes and protests, as many other women as he pleased; and she had no power to prevent it. She had no control of her own money. She had no control of her own children. She was helpless in the hands of the man.

But now, thank God, so far as these things are concerned, we are beginning to get just a little civilized, at least in some places. Women are beginning to be recognized as having rights of their own, as having the same right to stand on their own feet, think their own thoughts, speak their own words, live their own life, as men have.

Woman is beginning to be conceded property rights. It is beginning to be granted that she may have an interest in her own children. She is beginning to attain her majority, to be free. This is the attitude that is coming in the home.

Now as to education. I remember some years ago having a most interesting conver-

sation on this subject with Mrs. Mary A. Livermore. She said that, when as a girl she made application to a school to be admitted as a pupil and to be allowed to study certain things, she was treated with the most supercilious contempt by the authorities in charge. She was told that it was not fit for a girl to study these things, to know these things. She was advised to go home and learn to cook and sew, and keep the place that belonged to a girl and a young woman, and not to trespass in this fashion on the recognized and immemorial sphere of her superior, man. This was the way she was met when she wished to be educated.

I remember well, when I was a boy, that there were schools where a girl could learn to read and write and spell, after a fashion; could learn the rudiments of arithmetic; could work her sampler, and show that she could sew and embroider a little. But there was no recognized place for the real education of young women. All this is within the last few years. To-day they are beginning to alarm some of the educational authorities.

Judge Baldwin of Connecticut, of the Supreme Court, law professor of Yale University, has been saying that the young women were getting too much education altogether; that it was spoiling them; that they were being over-educated, so far as brain development was concerned; that they needed to be cultivated in the direction of housekeeping and sewing and cooking and these other things that fitted them for their sphere,—an echo of the old-time advice that has become very familiar.

But women are proving their ability to learn anything that a man can learn. I do not propose to go into any discussion as to the intellectual equality of the sexes: it is entirely one side the matter. It does not matter whether they are equal or not: that is not the question.

The question is as to whether or no the young women shall have liberty of study, liberty to study anything and anywhere that they please: that is the question, and not how much they can learn or whether or no they can learn as easily or as much as a man

can. Women have taken the highest honors during the last few years in almost every department of human thought, so that it is proved that there are some cases, at any rate, where women can learn anything that they care to learn.

Now what is the position of women at the present time in regard to the occupations of the world? Women used to be the drudges. They were allowed to do only the commonest, cheapest things; and the work which they accomplished, as a general thing, was recognized as having no economic value whatever. A farmer's wife, for example, has no wages. She is often a cheaper sort of servant. She works for her board and clothes; and, if she has any pocket money, it is a gratuity. She is paid for nothing which she does. It is not understood that she has earned anything, that she has any right to even a small bank account of her own.

This has been the ordinary position of the women workers. But to-day there are a large number of occupations into which

women have entered. They are successfully competing with men. They are doing the work, and doing it well, so that the chances are that, if the present tendency holds, we shall have to face the fact by and by that women are standing on their own feet, earning their own living, having their own bank accounts, engaging in business for themselves, and are deciding for themselves as to whether they shall occupy this position or that, instead of being forced into it by the necessity of their condition.

The tendency is all along the line of the coming of women into a larger and freer life in politics, in religion, in the family, as to occupation, as to education. In every department of society, women are pressing against the barriers; and the barriers are here and there giving way. Are they all going to give way? Are women to become entirely independent? This is the question. And now I wish to consider it briefly.

The ideal of woman that has predominated in the past has been as one dependent on some man, developed on her sentiment side,

loving, drooping, tender, clinging, cared for, watched over, protected, supported by some man. This has been the ideal of the past. Ideals, however, you will understand, are the creation of conditions; and changed conditions of necessity work changes in the predominant ideals of the world. Shall we fight against this tendency of the present time or shall we help it on? In other words, do we believe in the independence of women or are we opposed to it?

The attitude of different men is well indicated by the titles of two books. John Stuart Mill wrote a famous treatise called "The Subjection of Women," in which he fought for her freedom, for her deliverance from the conditions of the past. The Rev. Dr. Horace Bushnell, of Hartford, wrote a book on the other side, called "The Reform against Nature." He took the ground that the nature of woman was in danger of being seriously changed and deteriorated by the influences at work at the present time.

Now have women a right to stand on their

own feet, live their own lives? If they have not, why? I propose to take the ground that we must concede that they have, unless — unless what? Well, for example, unless God has forbidden it. Unless it threatens the welfare of the family; unless it is going to be injurious to men; unless it is going to be destructive to the highest ideal of womanhood. Unless some one of these positions can be maintained, it seems to me that we must concede to women the right to be free.

Now what is the attitude of religion on the subject? Has God, in other words, said anything about it? Some text from the Bible has, over and over again in the history of the world, proved to be a tremendous social and political power, and not infrequently a power for evil. In the Old Testament there is a passage which says, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." Thousands and thousands of harmless, and perhaps demented, old women have been put to death as the result of the fact that that verse exists in the Old Testament.

So certain verses in Corinthians and Timothy have done more, I suppose, to stand in the way of the freedom of women than any other power in the world; just as that other text in regard to "sparing the rod" has been supposed to be divine authority for family tyranny and cruelty for hundreds of years.

Let us note the position which Paul takes. He says woman must be subject to man. Why? Because man was created first, and woman was created for him. Therefore, he is the head; and woman must take her place as subordinate.

What is another reason? Because woman was beguiled of the serpent, and brought sin and death into the world. Adam did not do it. Eve did. Therefore, woman has shown herself guilty of all the sorrows that have ever afflicted mankind. I do not know what mean, contemptible thing it has been in the hearts of men in all ages that has been the source of traditions of this sort. It is not confined to the Hebrews: they did not originate the story of the Garden of Eden. It

came from the East: it did not belong to the Bible in the first place. Then among the Greeks the same old story: it was Pandora, sent down to men out of spite on the part of the gods; and she, through curiosity, opened the box, and released all the evils that have afflicted mankind from the beginning.

Is there any sense or reason in it? It is pure, ludicrous, contemptible superstition from beginning to end. So all this position in regard to women in the Epistles to Timothy and the Corinthians ought to have no weight for one moment with the free and reasonable mind. Paul says a woman must not speak in the religious meetings; but you must remember that Paul had no idea that he was writing for this twentieth century. If Paul and Jesus are correctly reported, they both expected the end of the world to come within thirty years. Paul was writing to meet a special, passing exigency in Corinth. It was a corrupt city. The church represented a new life and a new hope; and, according to the ideals existing at that time, it

was not respectable for a woman to take part in public affairs. Paul wished to keep the church free from suspicions like these; and so he advised the women to keep quiet, not to be speakers in public, to ask their husbands if they wished to know what had been done. His advice was good and wise for the conditions that then existed; and he is not to blame because he is quoted nineteen hundred years after his time as referring to conditions that he had never heard or dreamed of. There is no reason in religion why we should oppose the freedom and independence of women.

Is the home in danger? I am ready to take the ground that the one great predominant interest is the integrity of the home; that nothing must be done that threatens that. But there are thousands of women who have no homes in the sense of having husbands, and children about their feet, thousands that never can have a home of that sort unless we become converted here in the East to Mormonism. What are they going to do?

I believe that the woman who is independent financially, who can earn her own living, who can stand on her own feet, and is intelligent enough so that she understands the conditions of life and knows what they are, is a thousand times the more likely to make a wise and happy marriage, to be a true mate for her husband, a noble mother for her children. At the present time thousands of women are trained with the idea that they must be married because there is no other career open to them that is respectable and that befits their station; and they are incapable of taking care of themselves, of standing on their feet and leading their own lives, so that they feel they must marry, whether they find the right man, whom they can really love and intellectually respect, or not.

I believe that there will be more true, noble, ideal, happy homes when women are not compelled to marry, but are free to choose some one whom they can both love and respect. So it seems to me that the elevation of the home is to be looked for

along the lines of the higher education and the larger liberty of women.

And as to occupations. It is curious. Once in a while we hear that men are opposed to women's working, because, they say, they are encroaching upon their opportunities for a livelihood. This is precisely the same kind of argument which has always been advanced by unwise and near-sighted laborers against the introduction of machinery.

They have said, If you introduce machinery, you will take the work away from the laborers, and they will starve. But the world has gone on, and more and more and finer and finer and more efficient machinery has been introduced; and what has been the effect? Has it taken work away from people? It has made possible a hundred times more work. For man is civilized by as much as a large number of wants are developed, and as he reaches out in the endeavor to supply them. The more different things and the higher and better things a man wants, the more of a man he is; and the advance of civilization means

the development of still new and unknown resources of nature in the creation and the supply of more and more human desires.

Women's coming into the field of the activity of men simply means the creation of more kinds of work, and larger and higher demands on men and women both. I believe that every girl, no matter how rich her father is, should have the finest education he can possibly give her, and that she should be taught some specific, definite way of earning her living.

We need to revise our whole conception of education. We talk of a man's being educated only when he is a graduate of some university where the emphasis is laid on the classical courses. The graduate of a school of technology, of a school of mining or engineering, is coming in the near future to be regarded as "educated" as truly as a man who knows the classics. A man who is trained in any direction, so that he is a competent man, a woman who is trained so that she is a competent woman,— he or she who is master of himself or herself,— these are

the people who are coming to be regarded as educated and honored as educated; and we must get over the idea that it is honorable for a person to do nothing, and live a lazy, idle, useless, luxurious life.

When we get half-civilized, this kind of life will be treated with contempt, as unworthy either a man or a woman; while the man who does anything, I care not what it is, which needs to be done for the welfare of the world, is to be treated as honorable. This, when we get at least half-civilized,—as the most of us are not as yet.

I believe, then, that every girl ought to be educated in the highest and noblest sense, and, if it is possible, trained to do something by which she can earn her living. Does this mean that homes are going to be dissipated, that there are to be no more marriages or children, that the world is coming to an end?

I do not believe it. I believe that there is hardly a woman in this world, I care not how much she knows or what she can do, who, if the chance were placed before her of

a profession in which she might win honor and fame or a home with a man whom she could love and at the same time look up to with reverence and respect, would not choose the home, because this is the strongest element in her nature, because God has made her that noblest of all things on the face of the earth, a noble woman.

I do not believe, then, that this is going to stand in the way of the home. It is only going to set women free, so that they shall be able to choose the home, and not be driven into it merely for self-support.

Is it going to injure the woman, this development, intellectual, industrial? There are certain defects, they tell us, in woman's nature. I am inclined to think that they are defects, if they are over-developed. Women are generally too strong on the sentiment side; they are apt to be too conservative; they are apt to care more for persons than for principles. It is perfectly natural, when you look at what woman is and the part she has been obliged to play in the history of the past.

But train and develop woman intellectually, give her independence so that she can stand on her own feet and live out her own life, and these defects will be remedied. I would not have woman less in these directions; but I would have other sides of her nature wrought out so as to balance these that are weaknesses, when carried too far.

Now, at the end, I believe what? Am I in favor of woman's voting? I am not sure. That is too large a subject to go into now, beyond saying this: If it be put on the basis of right, I have never yet found anybody who would give me a half respectable reason why the woman has not as much "right" to vote as the man has. That is too large a subject to discuss here.

What I argue for and plead for is this,—the breaking down of all barriers and setting women free. Do I want women in the pulpits? Yes, if they want to preach and people want to hear them: that will settle itself. I do not know how many will want to preach, and how many will find audi-

ences, even if they do: that will take care of itself.

Do I want women to be lawyers? If they want to be lawyers, and can find clients, why not? Do I want them physicians? If they want to be physicians, and can find patients, why not? I would throw down every barrier, and let women be free, trusting to God and nature that they will stay women, whatever else they become, and that they will live out a larger and nobler life, if they have the opportunity.

There have been gardeners in the past, who have been accustomed to clip and train the trees into all sorts of artificial shapes; and the most horrible thing imaginable to such is the idea of letting a tree alone, to grow as it will. So men from the beginning of the world have been accustomed to interfere with the natural forces of development, not only of other men, but particularly of women, until it seems to them something horrible beyond expression that a woman should be left free to become anything she can become and wants to become.

Now God understands and Nature understands that a pine-tree will become a nobler and grander and finer pine-tree out on the hill-top in the wide air and the free sun and the rain, and let alone, than you can possibly make it by any kind of interference. It will grow into the noblest ideal of a pine.

We are beginning to find out that a man can be trusted to grow into the ideal of manhood, and to feel that he has a right to be free, to be let alone to grow. And I plead for the idea that we must, as we get civilized, accept the thought that women, also, can be left free,— free to become what they can become, what they should become.

I do not believe that the home is in danger, or religion, or man's work, or the ideal woman. I believe the only serious danger is in our assuming to know more than God and Nature.

Throw down the barriers; trust to that Nature which they have told us so long is perverted and depraved, but which, we are beginning to believe, is true and divine, and let the end be what it will.

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